JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 26, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1793

STRANGEST TRIAL IN THE WORLD

AIR RAIDS! £200 LLOYDS POLICY FREE FOR EVERY READER

THE BIG ROUND UP By A.E.G.

P5596

What everyone needs to-day—

The Food Beverage with Restorative Properties

NEW conditions bring new ways of life. Irregular sleep, different working hours, unaccustomed noise and tension . . . all make heavy demands on your vitality. You can meet these trying conditions with confidence and cheerfulness, provided you build up reserves of strength and energy. For this purpose you need restorative sleep and nourishment of the right kind.

This need is best met by delicious 'Ovaltine.' Taken at bedtime, 'Ovaltine' ensures sleep that is fully revitalising and refreshing. Even when sleep is broken, 'Ovaltine' helps you to resume sleep quickly and derive the utmost benefit from it. A cup of 'Ovaltine' at intervals during the day will further supplement your reserves of vitality.

The pre-eminent advantages of 'Ovaltine' as a restorative food are largely due to the eggs used in its manufacture. *Obviously no food beverage can be fully restoring unless this property is derived from its ingredients.*

Remember also that 'Ovaltine' has the special advantage of being a scientifically complete food. It supplies a wealth of the nutritive elements which build up energy and physical fitness, and its vitamin content is outstanding. For these reasons 'Ovaltine' provides the most convenient and inexpensive way of making good any possible lack of essential nourishment in your wartime diet.

'Ovaltine' should not only be the constant stand-by in every home. It is also exceptional as a strengthening and energising beverage for members of the fighting and civil defence services, and is obtainable in all canteens. 'Ovaltine' is quickly and easily prepared, using water only if necessary.

The Best Emergency Food Ration

'Ovaltine' Tablets for eating

'OVALTINE' Tablets provide 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment, and constitute the best emergency food ration. They supply the energy-giving, restorative and sustaining properties of 'Ovaltine' in a delicious and most convenient form.

Always keep 'Ovaltine' Tablets in your shelter, and in your pocket or handbag. When regular meals are not possible, or in prolonged hours of work or travelling, 'Ovaltine' Tablets are of the utmost value. For soldiers, sailors, airmen, A.R.P. and other civil defence workers, they are almost indispensable.

'Ovaltine' Tablets are packed in two handy sizes, at 4d. and 1/3d., and are obtainable at all stores and canteens.

You've earned your leisure...

PARK DRIVE

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

for pleasure!

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST
PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST

YES DARLING, DINNER'S READY

but 'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

Doctors tell us that the skin under the nails is a favourite lurking place for germs — that's why nails should be scrubbed with Family Health Soap before meals. Its antiseptic lather minimises the danger of germs. Appoint Family Health as your family health-warden.

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THE DEFENCE OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

The importance of Phosphates in modern diet

In peace-time modern living lays a heavy strain on the nerves. In war-time this strain is increased a hundredfold. Just as we build shelters to protect the body from the effects of bomb and splinter, so we must take steps to reinforce the nerves, so that the individual can adapt himself to the stress of war conditions.

Few people have the time or the money radically to alter their diet, but men, women and children all over the country are increasing their intake of nerve-strengthening substances by the simple and pleasurable method of drinking Fry's Cocoa daily.

For Laboratory Tests have proved conclusively that Fry's Cocoa is very rich indeed in Phosphates, the substances that are absolutely essential to the building of strong nerves.

In addition, Fry's Cocoa is itself a valuable food, nourishing and packed with energy. A cup at meal-times and a nightcap before you go to bed will do wonders to strengthen your diet, so that it becomes a first line of defence for your nerves in their battle against war-strain.

SOME FACTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

The price of Fry's Cocoa has recently been reduced, but the quality remains unchanged.

You get as much energy from a fivepenny tin of Fry's Cocoa (made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water) as you do from 1¼ lb. of the best steak.

Fry's Cocoa contains Vitamin D—the natural sunshine vitamin from the Cocoa Bean.

FRY'S COCOA

Rich in nerve food

DOWN IN PRICE · NOW 5D. PER ¼LB

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 26, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

WHITEHALL—the Money Waster

ANOTHER £1,000,000,000 has been voted for the war. Asking for it, Sir Kingsley Wood spoke for only eleven minutes. Only forty of six hundred and fifteen M.P.s bothered to listen.

No one troubled to draw the attention of smiling Sir Kingsley to costly waste that hampers our war effort and angers the public.

Squandering Continues

JOHN BULL has turned its searchlight on many examples of extravagance. M.P.s have soothingly been assured that losses have been cut and the utmost economy now practised.

Not so! **Squandering continues on mammoth scale. Britain's financial vitality is still sapped by official spendthrifts.**

Now, at last, they are to be called to book.

Harebrained Schemes

Parliament's watchdog, the Select Committee on National Expenditure, has been aroused. Its forthcoming report will energise even the sleepiest of M.P.s.

It will allege staggering waste, sometimes through indifference, sometimes through failure to check the costs of contracts, sometimes because the Government has allowed itself to be bamboozled into harebrained schemes.

The Costly Bog

Since war began, the Committee has exposed cases of sensational prodigality.

It has told us how, after £278,000 had been spent on extending a Scottish aerodrome, the work had to be abandoned.

The land had lain idle—and derated. But nice sums were paid to its seven owners, at the rate of £115 an acre!

The Duke of Abercorn gathered £6,150, the Misses Taylors £6,000, and Lord Howe's estate £1,200. For useless land!

After which, £278,000 was spent in driving piles into bottomless bog.

Chucking it Away

The War Office decided to extend storage space. Estimated cost was £760,000. Actually £3,350,000 was spent.

Thousands have been wasted on pep-talk films for a British public that does not need pep-talk to sustain its morale.

Again, they found fault with the price arrangements for ten million Anderson shelters. The "Steel Ring" did not submit its costs for investigation.

Food is wasted in Army camps on a prodigious scale.

Thousands of commandeered lorries are kept idle.

Sites for new works are bought at high prices, though any local resident knows that they are useless for the purpose.

Many a True Word—

These follies help us to understand the unconscious humour of a solicitor at Middlesbrough police court. Excusing the non-attendance of his client, he pleaded:

"In the first place, he is a man of not very bright intellect. Secondly, he is engaged on important Government work."

Sir Kingsley Wood must purge Government Departments of their weak-minded squanderers. JOHN BULL believes that he will be forced to do so by an indignant Parliament.

A Real Investment

The £9,000,000 a day he is spending on the war will soon become £10,000,000. And no one will criticise this biggest-ever expenditure if it is well spent.

More, much more, will have to be devoted to countering the Nazi air war and extending our own.

It will be a first-rate investment.

Nazi bombing is failing in its objects; ours is succeeding.

Catching It, Too

Few Nazi bombs fall on our munition factories, aircraft works, railway junctions and the like. Most of the damage is caused to houses, shops and offices.

That would justify itself only if it caused the civil population to panic. But Goering underestimated British calm and courage.

Most of our bombs find military objectives. German war production is being hampered, unlike our own.

But do not think that German civilians are not getting a taste of German medicine.

Even the R.A.F.'s bombs do not always fall straight.

Behind the War News

● **Sensational Russian moves are likely in the Middle East. Coupled with Moscow talk of "British Imperialism," they will cause long faces here, will suggest that Stalin is playing Hitler's game. But they will actually be to our benefit and form part of Stalin's cautious policy of forming big eastern frontier against Nazism, much to the satisfaction of official London and Ankara.**

● **Hitler is throwing his new mystery bomber against London, his new Fokker fighter will soon be in service. Don't worry. Our new interceptor, now in production, will be more than a match for either.**

● **Already in operation is a device that, by helping to keep Jerry up in the ice-forming heights, will considerably reduce raids during the winter. Its performance has impressed the experts.**

(More "Behind the News" on Page 4)

Explains a Lot!

Bill that the German nation must pay for the bombs hurled at London is far heavier than the damage inflicted upon us.

That is the view of our experts after totting up the cost of bombs, lost Nazi aircraft, the training of their airmen, petrol and running repairs.

And we are entitled to consider Goering's campaign a failure because it has proved incapable of smashing us.

That is why Hitler is having to turn to the Middle East for his next military offensive.

How to Meet It!

How shall we counter the Nazi bombers? Not only by a counter-offensive and active defences, but also by passive defence.

Old and sick people must be evacuated.

The population who remain in vulnerable areas must be dispersed among many small shelters rather than a few big ones.

Further Clean-up

The Tubes must be further cleaned up.

Sanitary arrangements are still disgusting and disgraceful.

Transport is vital; squatters must not impede the railways' chief function—to get people to and from work.

The people who queue up for Tube shelter at 2.30 p.m. obviously have no need to stop in London. Pack them off to the country!

Transport Headache

Above ground, London Transport provides excellent 'bus services in some districts where railways have been disorganised.

Elsewhere, queues wait an hour or so for 'buses that do not arrive; tempers rise when the nightly raid begins and crowds are marooned.

Job for Miners

It was JOHN BULL that first suggested the use of troops and unemployed in clearing away the wreckage from bombed areas.

JOHN BULL repeats its demand that young miners, at present on the "dole" or awaiting enlistment, should be rushed to London.

Many demolition squads, despite their fine spirit, lack experience and training.

A.R.P. Under Strength

The warden service, too, must be strengthened. It is badly short of numbers in many districts.

Better deal must be given to the A.F.S., whose members have twenty-four hours on duty and twenty-four off, and have to answer every siren during the "off-duty" spell except one day in every eight!

We cannot afford to overwork either wardens or firemen. The Government must speed-up recruiting, the public must play its part.

(Continued overleaf.)

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE WAR TIME
INSURANCE FOR EVERY READER!

£200 INSURANCE POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYDS—Against
AIR RAIDS • INVASION • BOMBARDMENT

● R.A.F. Asks for Huntin' and Fishin' Lads
● Government Needs Experts in Time-Saving
● Gallant Seaman Fined for Losing Gas Mask
● Sand Bags Removed because they were Ugly

(Continued from preceding page)

ADVERTISEMENTS for R.A.F. pilots state that applicants must be fit, intelligent, and possess dash and initiative. But something else is needed.

Volunteers complain that they have been asked whether they have private incomes.

Young JOHN BULL reader, who possessed the higher school leaving certificate (including higher mathematics), passed his medical and intelligence examinations and then appeared before a selection board.

Among other questions, he was asked whether he could ride a horse, sail a yacht or use a shotgun.

Not belonging to the huntin' and shootin' crowd, he had to answer "No."

Whatever the reason, the R.A.F. turned him down.

Standing Uneasy!

Another reader, told to attend a northern R.A.F. station for a trade test, arrived on a Monday morning. After standing with hundreds of others for seven hours, he was told that the office was closing for the day.

He arrived on Tuesday at 8.20, stood until dinner at 12.30, returned at 1.15, received his test at 3.45 and was enlisted.

At nine next morning he was marched off to an Army hut without seats to await the paymaster, who turned up two and a half hours later.

He and others had spent eighteen hours standing.

Some men from Scotland had lost a week's pay for this privilege.

Would You Believe It!

It isn't only the R.A.F. that needs time-saving experts.

A joiner of long experience, who lost his job in an East Coast town because of mass evacuation, went to Nottingham.

The employment exchange sent him to a job at Grantham, where his cards were marked "unsuitable" because he was not used to working at considerable heights.

He paid his own fare back to Nottingham.

Sent to a job in the city, his cards were again marked "unsuitable" because he had not previously worked in Nottingham.

This is Patriotism

An electrician's mate, registering in the trade census, was released by his employers for work of national importance and ordered to report at an ordnance factory.

Arriving there, a foreman rejected him without any test.

His employers have filled his job for the duration.

He's now left workless with a wife and two children to support.

Here's Hoping

Why do we quote these instances?

Because an organisation manager should be appointed to every Government Department.

M.P.s complain that it takes four or six weeks to get an answer to a letter to Whitehall.

Meantime, munition workers are kept idle because employers cannot get official instructions, injustice is done to people seeking pensions and allowances.

The Prime Minister has promised to look into the matter.

We hope he'll enlist the aid of business men.

Cost of Gallantry

Devotion to duty still has penalties. A West Country sailor, home on leave during an air raid, carried out rescue work until an escape of gas made him unconscious.

When he returned to his ship the crew was paraded and he was praised by an officer for having "gallantly upheld the traditions of the Service."

Next day he was told to pay 30s. because he had lost his gas-mask while he lay unconscious.

Mother Must Suffer

A young Somerset policeman, killed by a bomb, was the main support of his widowed mother.

Her only compensation has been a gratuity of £16 10s. 8d.—and she won't even get this if she receives any payment through the State air raid insurance scheme.

This is an obvious instance where official regulations should be modified.

Thanks a Million!

A food ship, struck by a torpedo, broke in two.

At great risk and loss of sleep, the crew managed to bring both sections to port.

One of the seamen wrote to the owners asking for fresh engagements for himself and his friends.

The curt answer informs them that a boy is required for deck-cleaning!

Trust the Railways!

Yet kind hearts still beat in humbler folk. Children and nurses at a Leeds clinic adopted a minesweeper, still send gifts to the crew even though they are now engaged on the less exciting task of salvage.

The skipper, mentioning that they cannot get vegetables, soon received a half-hundredweight supply from other Leeds children, together with stamps and a hand-knitted blanket.

He tells us of his gratitude—and of his anger at the L.N.E.R. for charging 15s. 3d. to forward these comforts.

Cost of a Pound

Much worse example of costly transit is supplied by a reader who sent a pound to a hard-up soldier brother in Palestine.

The telegraph fee was 12s. 6d.

Lucky we haven't yet had to send troops to the South Seas!

Help the Gunners

Now that anti-aircraft gunners are on duty for most hours of the twenty-four, it is surely unreasonable to ask them to do all the usual fatigues, from hut-cleaning to sentry-go or ammunition carrying.

There are plenty of low-category men who could relieve the gunners in much-raided areas.

Going on Digging

Raids are naturally making many people forget to Dig for Victory.

But now is the time when they should be busy on allotments, preparing the ground for next year's crops.

That job is nearly as important as it is for factory workers to stick to their benches despite the siren.

For the Little Minds

A block of flats in Bethnal Green had its ground-floor windows sandbagged at the beginning of the war. When the raids started, tenants wisely used the ground-floor flats as their shelters.

But a fortnight ago, when the *blitzkrieg* was at its height, a local council official decided that the sandbags looked untidy and had them removed.

Not even a great war can stop little officials from worrying about little things.

Ministry of Indulgence

Big officials of the Ministry of Information don't seem to find the war too trying.

At night they put on their pyjamas and settle down comfortably in their roomy shelters, which are even furnished with tables for their evening papers, and in the morning stroll off for a shower and hot breakfast.

Unfortunately, their shelters are so roomy that no space is left for men who have important work to do.

Children in Raids

The Clerk to the Bagshot Council, to whom we referred in a recent issue, tells us that he said something more than that it was ridiculous for parents to "make such a fuss" about the lack of school shelters.

The full account of the council meeting that he has sent us shows that he added: ". . . yet when the wardens tried to get the children off the streets the parents did nothing about it. It was so illogical."

We agree.

People who let their children play in the streets during an "alert" deserve all the censure they may get.

But JOHN BULL still thinks it monstrous that shelter is not provided for the youngsters when they are at school.

Behind the News

● **Sensational allegations of graft have been made against high Gestapo officers. Himmler has ordered a purge—but not before Hitler has been saddled with a new fear for his own safety—doubt about the absolute reliability of the Gestapo-certified men who form his personal bodyguard.**

● *Some instances of graft include acceptance of jewels and real estate to allow rich Nazis to enter and live in France, and to smuggle valuables abroad, in order to escape risk both to their persons and possessions from R.A.F. attacks.*

● Collaboration between Britain and U.S.A. against Nazi-Fascism is to be made complete down to the minutest detail. American military intelligence officers are shortly arriving here to pool information and methods. Naval and air experts are already there.

● **All the twenty-one Central and South American republics have agreed to place their military power under U.S.A. leadership immediately. Staff talks are now in progress**

● *Since the Nazi swoop on Rumania, friction between Moscow and Berlin has become serious. German officers sent to Russia to supervise supplies of raw material to the Reich have been ordered to leave, some have been arrested as spies, and as agents for fomenting unrest in the Ukraine.*

● While attention is focussed on the Balkans, opposed Nazi-Soviet moves have been taking place in the Baltic. Nazi troops have been rushed to Finland, while larger Soviet forces have been concentrated along German-Polish borders and in the Baltic States. Communications between these States and Germany have again been cut off.

● **The Moslem world is increasing its support of Turkey. Religious leaders in all Mahomedan countries are emphasing in the Mosques that every help must be given to Britain. In North Africa and Egypt special weekly bulletins are read exposing the latest Italian and German duplicity.**

● *The Moslem backing of Britain has also caused serious setbacks to German agents as far afield as Persia and Afghanistan, where many of Goebbels's experts have found these countries too uncomfortable to live in. In Afghanistan, especially, not only have they come up against Russia, but their attempts to incite the Amir to invade India have been a dismal failure.*

● Unrest is growing in the Italian army through the so-called stiffening by German troops. Both Nazi officers and men make no attempt to hide their contempt for Italian fighting qualities or leadership.

LET'S BEAT the WINTER

MAKE up your minds about it: this is going to be a hard winter. It may or may not prove to be the last winter of the world war.

In either event we've got to live through it, work through it, and be ready for that Spring which "can't be far behind."

Now we can only endure, but *then* we shall attack. This is the testing time of courage and loyalty. Let us all prepare to meet the test.

John Bull never hesitates to criticise the Government when criticism seems likely to set wrongs right, to clear up muddles, or to prompt useful action.

But we don't waste time in crying over spilt milk, and we are also fully aware that the Government has to count as much upon the people as the people upon its leaders.

To-day, therefore, we ask all our readers to examine their consciences and to deliver a true verdict in regard to their individual shares in the nation's war effort.

OUR population is now divided into two classes. One class is "under fire" in the danger areas; the other is "carrying on" in more or less normal circumstances, but has to care for a growing multitude of refugees.

It is our considered opinion that all women and children and old people unfitted for work of national importance *ought* to winter "behind the lines."

We do not pretend to be satisfied with official evacuation schemes, but we know and you know, too, that this immense problem has been made doubly difficult by the hesitation and reluctance and changeableness of the general public.

And so we now urge men of courage and character to send their wives and children out of danger as soon as possible. We implore mothers to think first of their children's welfare.

Personal feelings, family ties, love of home and fear of separation ought not to be put before the country's welfare. Let all of us remember that those who cannot do productive work can only remain in heavily bombarded cities and towns as a burden upon the community.

They can help by not hindering. Their *duty* is to leave home when the opportunity offers.

ERNEST BEVIN, Lord Beaverbrook, Herbert Morrison and, indeed, all our principal leaders, have stressed the vital importance to the country of maintaining output, not only in our war industries but also in every other kind of business.

John Bull is satisfied that the vast majority of workers realise this, and are cheerfully ready to carry on through all warnings up to the moment of imminent danger.

But we are not satisfied that all are "pulling their full weight" in such spare time as remains to them.

The nation needs many more wardens, firemen, demolition workers, stretcher bearers and the like.

It isn't a bit of use to applaud the courage and efficiency of the men and women now working in the various A.R.P. services, and then, having given them this patronising pat on the back, to "take it easy" while they toil.

We know that munition workers and tens of thousands of other "key" men and women have full-time jobs already. But we also know that there are many thousands who think that an ordinary "job of work" entitles them to "peace time" leisure.

It does nothing of the kind. Able-bodied men and women, who still have comfortable spare time, *ought* to give up some of it at once to relieve their overburdened comrades and to fill the gaps in their devoted ranks.

This is going to be a hard winter, and the nation cannot afford to "carry passengers" through it.

In this connection one hint to the Government: the winter may be "hard" in more senses than one, and, for this reason, we urge the quick supply of overcoats to every A.R.P. worker —still expected either to find his own or to go without.

That is one of the minor preparations for winter that ought to be made without delay. A more important one is the immediate provision of large fuel dumps in all parts of the country

Last winter, when there were still thousands of miners out of work, great suffering was caused in many places by lack of fuel. There was no valid excuse for this shortage then; there can be no vestige of excuse for a repetition of the same scandal.

Meanwhile, however, the public can help, to some extent at least, if every citizen, who *has* storage room, stocks up now with as much coal and coke as it will hold.

So much for the "front line troops" of our great civilian army. Now we come to the different, but scarcely less urgent, problems of the so-called "safety areas."

Boredom is not the least of them. We know of one Cockney mother, evacuated in the early days of the war, who returned to London with her three small children because she couldn't stand the "'orrid 'ush" of the remote Wiltshire village which had given her—as she admitted—so kindly a reception.

Funny, you may think, and yet not so funny. . . . Townspeople are oppressed by the stillness of the countryside. They miss their neighbours. They miss the movement and the action and the gossip of their own back streets.

They are apt to become so "bored" that danger itself seems less to be avoided than the stark monotony of unaccustomed surroundings and, often, unaccustomed leisure.

Billeting should be taken out of the hands of local officers entirely. Just as billets can be requisitioned for troops, so they ought to be requisitioned for civilian refugees.

Favour must be shown to none, and the petty squirelings and that minority of the rich who have no regard for their fellow countrymen, but only for their own comfort, must be made to do their duty.

Accommodation being secured in this way wherever it is needed, the safety areas will have to entertain and occupy their "guests." This is no small task, for in hundreds of small towns and villages the local population has been—or will be —doubled.

WOMEN'S institutes, wherever they are to be found, have done splendid work in time of peace, and now they have an unequalled opportunity to do better work still during this hard winter of war.

Entertainments, whist drives, sewing parties, concerts, and so on, should be organised as a matter of course.

Are there not thousands of relatively idle women available for this? Of course there are! Let them prepare for winter by making life tolerable and interesting for their less fortunate sisters.

The "dig for victory" campaign was "boosted to the skies" a few months ago, but it is more necessary than ever in present times.

And we suggest that evacuated women—yes, and children, too, if they are fit and well—could not fight boredom better than by helping in local gardens and allotments.

The community spirit must be fostered everywhere. Neighbours must be prepared to take in each other's children, as well as each other's washing. Everybody should be willing to help as and when able, for there is no better way to fight boredom than to lead active and fully occupied lives.

We also urge in this connection that local committees should be formed to assist the local authorities to set up "information bureaux."

Evacuees must not be left to wonder what is happening at home: they should be kept in quick and frequent touch with the loved ones they have left behind.

We warn the Government that it *must* take prompt steps to speed up the postal services. There is no excuse for present delays—for telegrams that take three days in transit and for letters apt to be delivered as much as a week late.

The Post Office needs to be given a priority second only to that which the Services enjoy. This is important for refugees, but it is vital to the nation's war work.

AND, by the same token, the railway services can be, and ought to be, speeded up. Trains must cease to run slow during warnings.

We take no stock in the individual grumbles of passengers, who resent personal inconveniences, but we attach primary importance to quicker and better transport as a national preparation.

We shall win this war, but we shan't win it by wishful thinking. We've got to be prepared—now—for the winter so that we may take full advantage of the coming Spring, which will launch us upon the way to certain victory.

NAZI PRISONERS SPEAK: 3

NAZI AIRMEN SAY 'BOMB HITLER'

By S. THEODORE FELSTEAD
Author of "The Kaiser's Master Spy"

OUT of the clouds and mists enshrouding these islands during the autumn and winter, something else is emerging besides Nazi airmen.

It is the heartening and incontrovertible fact that the *Luftwaffe* is beginning to take a strong dislike to its job.

As Mr. Churchill truly remarked, the Germans had yet to encounter a foe of their own calibre and better; a foe, moreover, that couldn't be intimidated, blackmailed, or brought down by traitors within.

Virtually all our notable Fifth Columnists are safety under lock and key.

There are more than three thousand enemy airmen captive in this country to-day, to provide conclusive evidence that Goering's allegedly invincible Air Force is on the down-grade.

Complete Degeneracy

Taking them all in all, they are a hang-dog, villainous-looking gang; the type, indeed, that a criminologist would describe as complete specimens of degeneracy.

It is precisely what they are.

For the last three or four months Goering has been combing the German armies for recruits, and he will take anything that comes along, regardless of rank or social position.

What a descent from the early days of the *Luftwaffe!*

It was the cavalry of the air.

All the young "vons," who would ordinarily have gone into the famous Death's Head Hussars or one of the Uhlan regiments, jumped at the opportunity of riding the sky in a flying machine.

And for five years, it must be admitted, they had a glorious time.

They were aristocrats of the German Army.

They went down to Spain, where at Barcelona, Valencia and Guernica they bombed, burned and butchered with only slight opposition.

Back to the Fatherland, to be fêted as heroes, and the promise of even greater triumphs in the future.

Poland provided the opportunity. For a month they struck terror into that poor, betrayed country, and then, breathing hard, turned their machines round to see what was next on the list.

More Strenuous

This time, seven months went by before they had to strike again, and it was a trifle more strenuous.

They were confronted with the formidable French and British Air Forces, not to mention a gallant little Dutch contingent that fought on till all was lost, and Rotterdam nothing but a heap of smoking ruins.

For another month the *Luftwaffe* went through hell.

The French pasted the life out of them; the R.A.F. wiped out whole squadrons of their crack pilots over Channel ports, until the Nazis began to wonder what had gone wrong.

As well for them that they were in overwhelming force; they lost 3,000 machines and 10,000 of their best personnel from May 10 to middle June.

The "vons" had gradually disappeared; those that were left began to view with great disfavour the unsavoury specimens of humanity who now came along.

Certainly they were of the lowest social strata, the kind of people that no well-bred German would think of associating with in normal times. Many were mere boys who owned motor-cycles and rashly thought that flying aeroplanes was also child's play—until they began to meet Spitfires.

Little by little, then, the morale of the *Luftwaffe* has declined.

It was never lower than it is to-day.

In two months, time which Goering devoted to taking possession of every available aerodrome in France, Belgium and Holland, and filling them with machines and crews, the R.A.F. has irrevocably destroyed any possibility of the *Luftwaffe* obtaining the mastery of the air, and thereby aiding any attempt to invade Britain.

Nuisance Value

It may be taken for granted that the principal function of the German air force for the next six months in these regions will be to harry us day and night, in the hope of our keeping at home squadrons they might have to meet in the Near East—and possibly Spain, not to mention the Orient.

They will just be nuisance value.

They will kill civilians, thinking that we are still too old-fashioned to play them at their own dirty game.

If misguided sentimentalists continue to think we are going to win this war by the chivalrous methods of the past, they ought to be shaken into consciousness.

They should be given the opportunity, if they understand German, of listening to Nazi killers talking among themselves of what they would really do to us, given half a chance.

They would learn that nothing will bring Germany down quicker than double, or treble, doses of her own medicine.

They talk, when they think they are alone, of disturbing letters that come from wives and parents about the visits of our British bombers; about the impossibility of obtaining leave to go home, and of six months at a time spent in aerodromes continually bombed by the enemy, with the added terror of raids over Britain, from which so few of them return.

Strange as it may seem, these men who come riding high over our land sowing death and destruction in their trail don't like being bombed themselves!

They suggest that Germany and Britain should come to some arrangement, such as was supposed to exist in the last war, that neither side should bomb each other's headquarters.

It isn't cricket, in their opinion, to bomb out of his bed a poor boy who has orders to go over and bomb us in the early morning.

Big bombing raids are definitely off.

Now Reich - Marshal Goering has another problem on hand.

All his best fighting crews on the Western Front are going down to the Near East.

Those left behind will contain comparatively few experienced men, who will have the task of breaking-in the beginners from Germany.

Not a Pretty Sight

Not all these Nazi airmen are that brutal, degenerate class you so frequently see in newspaper photographs, though, to be sure, the German at war is never a pretty sight.

They still have their heads shaved clean, and thereby aggravate their inherently criminal appearance.

They do this to prevent themselves becoming verminous, a condition to which Germans are peculiarly prone.

But some of the better-educated men, the "vons" and so forth, will talk freely enough once they realise that the British bulldog's bark is worse than his bite.

It is from these men, in hospital and camp, that we learn more about winning the war quickly than from all the long-winded diatribes of peoples who have never actually seen what the German can do in the way of brutality when the mood takes him.

These "vons" are all pretty much of the same opinion: that six months' of their own mixture would evacuate Germany of half her population.

"Berlin!" they exclaim. "You haven't touched it yet. Go up and down Unter den Linden; bomb the Wilhelmstrasse and the new Chancellery. Give the people out in the suburbs what we are giving yours. Fly around all night, and see how they like it."

Apparently they are still laughing at us in Germany, laughing at the ease with which we fall for one dirty trick after another.

Bombing Villages

The latest is to drop a bomb on some poor, unoffending village, miles away from any military objective, in the hope of killing someone.

The decent lads won't do it. But there are plenty more who do; repulsive-looking beasts. You'd think they'd just been released from a convict prison. And they might have been.

Germans have a well-developed fondness for combing their jails in search of recruits for unpopular jobs.

During the last war dozens of their spies were criminals who obtained their freedom at the price of joining the Secret Service.

Notable among these creatures—we executed them all—were the spies Albert Meyer, Robert Rosenthal and Georg Breeckow.

Such fellows extract considerable pleasure from machine-gunning crowds in a busy suburb.

They are a hang-dog, villainous-looking gang; the type, indeed, that a criminologist would describe as complete specimens of degeneracy.

In prison camps, it is nothing uncommon to hear them talking gleefully about the way their victims ran for cover, and how they dropped a couple of bombs to help them.

It was great fun, until the Spitfires came out of the sky to put an end to a perfect day.

They don't like attacking London at all, these bloodthirsty cowards.

Once inside the London defences, they say, it is difficult to get out.

They talk darkly about how we allow them to get into what they call the spider's web, and then entangle them with a network of guns and Spitfires, until there is nothing left but baling out before death overtakes them.

They are not fond of night-bombing.

Over at their aerodromes, apparently, matters have reached the stage when men are no longer detailed for the work. It has to be carried out by volunteers.

Courtmartial Threats

Hundreds of them are now being weeded out and sent back to their depots in Germany, with threats of a court-martial in the near future for cowardice.

They wonder, also, how long it will be before the Bomber Command takes to attacking their aerodromes in earnest; when this subject is discussed the more imaginative shiver, and thank their lucky stars they are safely out of it all in England.

One way and another, there are not many heroes among them.

They do not forgive Goering and his satellite-in-chief, Otto Sperrle, for telling them so often that their work would be done by middle September.

"How long," they continually ask the camp authorities, "will this accursed war really last?"

"Three years, possibly," they are told. "It has hardly begun."

"Then," they say, "why don't you beat us the way Hitler has beaten everybody else? Bomb him until he has had enough."

They are beginning to doubt their Adolf.

They realise they are missing all the plunder, and that by the time they get back to the Fatherland there won't be much of a welcome awaiting them.

Meantime, there also remains the indubitable fact that one of their reckless comrades might drop a bomb on them one dark night.

It doesn't improve their sleep!

Open Letters

What About It, Mr. Willink? : Ailing Soldier Crippled by Red Tape : Shades of Fred Karno's Fire Brigade : Commandeer the Idle Shelters : The "Pioneer" Heroes

Lieut.-General W. MacARTHUR,
Director-General, Army Medical Services

Dear General,—A soldier who fell ill as a result of exposure was sent home on leave pending discharge. Told that he was free to accept civil work, he found a job in a munitions factory.

Then he was recalled for an Army medical examination and sent to hospital, where he has been for months in a draughty and cold hut, but that merely aggravates his incurable complaint.

What an infuriating example of red-taped blundering!

Why was not the man given a medical board before being told to accept a job? If no Army doctors were available, why couldn't local civilian doctors have been appointed to examine him?—John Bull.

Rt. Hon. LORD BEAVERBROOK,
Minister of Aircraft Production

My Lord,—You will be amazed to hear that, despite your appeal for more aircraft, many men have been dismissed from a great airframe factory in the North-West.

Elsewhere in the city men are being trained for aircraft work!

I can depend on you to crack down on the blunderers.—John Bull.

The MEMBERS,
Hull Fire Brigade Committee

Gentlemen,—I have already exposed the filthy, unhealthy condition of your A.F.S. station No. 15. Now I'll shame you with details of two others.

Station No. 7 is so infested with rats that the men's suppers are devoured, and a nest has been found in one of their mattresses. Although there is special need for a shelter for reserve crews in this station, none is provided.

At station No. 19, the men are sorely in need of new uniforms.

Throughout the service, indeed, you won't find one man in ten who is not wearing some of his own clothes.

No wonder Hull citizens call it a Fred Karno's Brigade.—John Bull.

Mr. H. G. JUDD,
Salvage Comptroller

Dear Mr. Judd,—Has somebody forgotten to start that salvage campaign promised long ago?

Hampshire readers, who have been saving their waste paper for months, find that it is just thrown into the garbage by the dustmen.

It must discourage you as well as them.—John Bull.

Sir EDWARD GRIGG,
Under Secretary for War

Dear Sir Edward,—A soldier's wife finds it impossible to keep herself and her three children—one of them a cripple who has spent seven years in hospital—on her Army allowance.

She applied for an additional allowance in May. And has at last received a decision—a refusal.

Evidently the snails who manage your hardship committee do occasionally move. But not fast enough, or fairly enough, to please—John Bull.

Mr. HENRY WILLINK, K.C., M.P.,
Commissioner for London's Homeless

Dear Mr. Willink,—Damage to London's bombed areas was at first almost matched by the muddle of officialdom. Now I have seen the bold start you have made in converting chaos into order.

But you must be still bolder.

Local authorities must be over-ruled if the homeless are to receive instant help; the Ministry of Health forced to revise the inadequate schemes it formed at the beginning of the war.

In some boroughs red tape has been torn to shreds by common-sense. In others, tired and hungry people who have lost every penny have to tramp from office to office for official forms that entitle them to assistance.

Some of the officials they interview are sympathetic.

Others treat them like recruits on the barrack square.

They are told to wait at rest centres for evacuation coaches that fail to arrive. Sometimes they are moved to other centres within walking distance and within the danger area.

These callous follies are by no means confined to the East End.

Homeless people were sent to a Balham schoolroom only to find the caretaker had gone off to Ramsgate with the key.

They broke open the door and spent the night on chairs. Next morning they were ordered to walk to a hall for hot breakfast. But the hall had been closed a day before through the proximity of an unexploded bomb.

They tramped from centre to centre.

One of the victims, an aged and penniless invalid, eventually managed to find food and shelter in a chapel. But she was refused money by the Public Assistance Committee and told to consider herself lucky.

Yet she is in desperate need of clothing.

In district after district I have asked in vain at rest centres for addresses to which clothing might be sent.

A month ago, one of my readers offered twelve single beds and a bathroom in a West End house for use as a temporary refuge.

No one came.

His repeated letters to the Ministry of Health have been ignored.

You still have much to do. Do it quickly brook no obstruction from a heartless and fumbling officialdom. The public will back you!—John Bull.

The MAYOR AND COUNCILLORS,
Hammersmith

Gentlemen,—David Hill is a martyr whose death must be avenged.

This sensitive youth of twenty, who had been under treatment for nerve trouble, had been granted exemption from military service as a conscientious objector.

Apparently this decision was unwelcome to his superiors. He was removed from his junior clerkship and instructed to work at the public mortuary.

The strain of his new duties, which might well have broken a man of twice his years, caused a mental breakdown during which he committed suicide.

What action are you taking against his persecutors?—John Bull.

Field-Marshal LORD MILNE,
Commandant, Pioneer Corps

My Lord,—The tough, middle-aged men you command are doing as vital a job in Britain to-day as when they dropped their shovels and grabbed their rifles during the invasion of France.

Tell them that the public is grateful for their efficiency in baulking Hitler by clearing the roads after nightly bombing.

A Cockney, watching them busy among dangerous ruins, said to me this morning:

"If there was any medals going for blinkin' quick work, those chaps ought to have 'em."

They did, and all!—John Bull.

The BOROUGH COUNCIL,
Surbiton

Gentlemen,—For the benefit of yourselves and other drowsy councils, let me inform you that you have power to seize Anderson shelters in unoccupied houses.

People in your district, bombed out of their home, naturally wish to have protection in a new house. But you refuse them permission to take an Anderson shelter from the garden next door, even though its owner raises no objection and has not used it for months.

Any excuse?—John Bull.

Maple Leaf Downs Swastika in Air Battles

CANADA over London! Sons of the daughter Dominion defending Mother London!

No air battle has been more symbolic of the Empire's unity against the common foe than when Hurricane fighter-pilots of the all-Canadian Squadron of the R.A.F. streaked over London to shoot ten Nazis out of the skies during a heavy raid on the Metropolis.

In the streets below *Blitz* victims stood beside ruined homes and cheered as the raiders toppled down in flames.

Firing 23,000 rounds a second, the machine-guns of the Canadian fighter squadron rattled overhead as the fighters intercepted the Nazis on the south side of the Thames and chased them up river from London Bridge.

Three Dornier bombers, three of Goering's much-boosted Messerschmitt 110 Jaguar fighter-bombers, and four Messerschmitt 109's never returned to their bases.

This fight was the "finest hour" of the Canadian squadron of the R.A.F., but many other fine achievements preceded it.

The squadron was recruited in this country before the war, but several of its pilots joined it later.

Flying Officers Skey and Latham-Jones have won the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the squadron has seen service in some of the toughest combats of the war.

After the Nazi hordes invaded the Low Countries it took and gave hard knocks in France.

It accounted for many of the enemy over Dunkirk.

It has more than a hundred bombers and fighters in its "bag."

All its pilots are volunteers.

Some are only twenty; others, more seasoned "veterans" in their thirties, are civil pilots from Canada's North-West territory.

Several come from Winnipeg, vital point in the Dominion's mineral mining development scheme.

One pilot carried in his machine to the far north materials for building an entire factory. He even took the bricks for the chimney-stack.

Yet another pilot, who had a sealing-wax and string business in Winnipeg, began flying in a home-made machine. Sealing-wax and string played a big part in the construction.

Younger in war experience than this seasoned squadron enlisted in England, but already well tested in fighting spirit, is the Canadian No. 1 Fighter Squadron, recruited in the Dominion, which arrived in England in July with its own reserve pilots and groundsmen.

Stationed near London, No. 1 Fighter Squadron's baptism of fire came when it destroyed the three Nazi bombers that undertook the first raid on Croydon aerodrome The leader of this Hurricane squadron set his team an example by drawing "first blood."

The squadron maintains a regular patrol over London's outskirts, and with a loss of only one shot down fifteen raiders in a few days.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

FRAUDS ON EVACUEES

VULTURES who prey on the needs and the sorrows of the masses in war-time are at work. The greater the need, the greater the greed of these exploiters.

Laws are passed to prevent profiteering, but the profiteers, with their cunning, find means of evading the law.

Harassed refugees fleeing from a bombed area are easy victims.

Perhaps the cruellest ramp that has recently developed has been worked on people who have lost their homes in air-raids and have had to seek accommodation elsewhere.

The house profiteer has seized upon what is now a fine opportunity.

Empty houses have been bought up at knock-out prices, and let at exorbitant rents, in spite of the War Rents Act.

In Liverpool and Merseyside ghouls have been particularly active.

Reports reaching me show that moneylenders have bought empty houses at cheap prices, and then let them at high rents to homeless families who have been "bombed from home."

Worse still, these profiteers—having leased a house to a tenant—will lend him money at a "suitable rate of interest," to pay back in the form of rent, or for the purpose of buying clothes or furniture!

Shylock's Victims

Moneylenders will even sell the furniture or clothes to their victims, making further scandalous profits.

When such men infrequently come before a magistrate they are fined a paltry pound or two.

Listen to the words of a parson: "I have evidence," he says, "of moneylenders who have bought up houses and let them at high rents to homeless people who have lost almost everything in air-raids.

"Then they provide these poor people with money on loan at high interest to help them to pay the rent."

Victims of these profiteers are usually in such a state of agitation and worry that they agree to almost any terms.

But it is not only the moneylenders who are profiteering at the expense of unfortunate war victims from bombed towns.

House-owners, flat-owners, boarding-house keepers and even hotel proprietors are joining in this great and widespread scandal, which extends from Land's End to John o'Groats'.

At Marlow, Bucks, local councillors have become so indignant that they decided the other day to stop "the scandalous conduct" of local residents exploiting bombed Londoners evacuated to the town.

A typical instance is that of a man with a wife and two children who was charged 50s. a week rent for two small rooms. The children had to sleep on the floor in one room.

This exorbitant rent did not include light, heating or food.

And the landlord replied to a complaint by saying: "Well, I'm not the only one! Everybody is doing the same thing."

In a Bedfordshire town rooms which could normally be rented at 10s. a week are now being let at from two to two and a half guineas a week.

Rooms in country cottages which in peace time were rented at 15s. a week are now let at four times that sum.

Other rooms, very barely furnished, have been made ready for four or five people, each of whom is charged £1 a week.

In the safe area of the Lake District private evacuees are also being plucked. Billeting officers who recently had to find homes for 150 children evacuees had to spend ten days before they could obtain accommodation for these homeless youngsters.

Why?

Because the patriotic householders of Kendal and elsewhere were making a very good thing out of private evacuees who were prepared to pay anything, virtually, for a room.

One local billeting officer said: "From £2 to £4 a week is being charged for any kind of a single room. Board and attendance are extras."

Oxford's Profit-hogs

As much as £6 a week has been charged for two furnished rooms.

People in rural areas who in peace time took guests for bed and breakfast at 3s. 6d. a night are now charging from 12s. 6d.

Turn now to the profit-hogs of Oxford, where victimisation of evacuees is in full swing.

Mr. C. Fox, Oxford's Chief Constable, is naturally indignant. He cites a case where £6 a week had been charged for two rooms.

A local councillor says: "I know of cases of swollen rents which are a disgrace to the town. It is a damnable business that those who come to us for refuge should be so cruelly exploited.

Unfortunately, the Rents Act does not apply to furnished rooms, though legal action can be taken if excessive rent is charged.

Generally, harassed refugees from bombed areas have neither time, money nor knowledge to take legal action against those who batten on their needs.

Even with regard to unfurnished houses, Mr. Dan Rider, Founder of the War Rents League, says "a rapidly growing number of landlords are cynically ignoring the Rents Act." And small fines do not deter them.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Minister of Health, is aware of this widespread scandal and is now urging local housing authorities to take action.

I hope they will do so. They should be ruthless in rooting out this evil thing.

But the profiteering is not confined to landlords. Certain furniture removal firms in London and the coast towns are making big money, too.

Ruthless Prosecution

A moving job may cost an evacuee 300 per cent. more than before the war. That is why many local Price Regulation Committees are investigating charges of profiteering by furniture removers.

Unfortunately, the victims are usually so anxious to move quickly to a safe area that they are prepared to pay almost any price for the removal of their homes.

My postbag shows that profiteering in food and other goods still goes on.

Some local Food Committees are still far too slow to act, and housewives often too slow to state their case.

Alderman Wesley Brown, of Middlesbrough Food Committee, says: "There are some Food Committees in the United Kingdom which do as little as possible. There has been too much warning business, and so little prosecution."

I agree. Ruthless prosecution of food profiteers is an urgent necessity. Why waste time warning them?

I shall be glad to hear from readers who have been victimised in this way. Let me have the full facts. Together we can stamp out this growing evil.

Minister of Health Malcolm MacDonald should "go to it" and put an end to the machinations of these war-time profiteers who are making money in a most despicable way.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MRS. C. GARNER, of Elmgate Gardens, Edgware, London, N.W., receives this week's Public Benefactor guinea. She brought to my notice the details of an interesting fraud.

If you are suspicious of any local "scheme" write to me about it! Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

They Ought to be Watched!

SCOTLAND YARD'S Rogues' Gallery contains files galore about an incorrigible rogue who still looks like a benign elder of the church, even though his income from crime must have amounted to tens of thousands of pounds in the years he has been "practising."

Quick to make use of the war, he has taken in vain the name of medical services by organising a first-aid-necessities-campaign, served by a door-to-door collection.

From temporary offices in one town or another, he asks for partners to whom he promises a bright financial future in return for capital.

By using faked books and invoices, he has tried the same trick with great success in the past, and his "companies" have blossomed in the most astonishing guises. They may be different to look at, but they all end up the same way: the organiser disappears with the money as soon as things become too hot for him.

This man has used a long string of aliases during his long criminal career.

* * *

WHEN a suspicious client sent a tuft of animal hair to the proprietors of a firm that was pushing a patent hair restorer, pretending that it came from his own head, he was told that he would soon have long, luxurious locks.

That's why you should beware of unknown hair restorative firms. The name of the gadget in question sounds like a new dance, but it doesn't live up to its boast, even though its mechanised parts are supposed to make hair grow thickly in a few days.

To be frank, it's just another of the catchpenny schemes so popular these days.

R. C. C. A. BRAY, Dominion Road, Fishponds, Bristol, possesses the secret of perfect breathing. His treatment gives "pure blood, vigour, energy, a beautiful, round rich voice," and all kinds of other golden assets to health.

Philanthropist that he is, he offered to share his good fortune with a few investors, and promised large returns on £1 shares

Well, several people are now sorry they parted with money.

"I shall not fail you," wrote Mr. Bray to one client, yet nothing more tangible than broken promises has emanated from this breathless expert.

* * *

AIR raid victims should be cautious when approached by "animal welfare collectors" who call at houses affected by air raids offering to find good homes for pets.

They demand a fee, mention a non-existent home with a fancy name, and take the animals away.

Often that is the last heard of them. And the receipt bears a name and address that cannot be traced when subsequent enquiries are made. Very irritating to well-known reputable animal societies!

* * *

BEWARE of the salesman, travelling in a plain van and carrying blankets, sheets, eiderdowns, rugs and so on, who says he has bought salvaged stock from bombed houses and will be satisfied with a small profit for a quick sale.

Actually the stock has never been in a house, bombed or otherwise, and is mostly cheap stuff turned out in mass production by small foreign firms in London's East End.

Write to "John Bull" About it

VICTOR SCHIFF, famed international journalist, sworn enemy of the Nazi bosses who have put a price on his head, slipped out of the Third Reich when he was destined for a concentration camp and escaped the Fuehrer's clutching hand when the Germans entered Paris, tells you of

The Strangest TRIAL in the World

M. DALADIER

GEN. GAMELIN

M. LEON BLUM

M. MANDEL

LEAVING Paris one night in June, with the Nazi advanced tanks on my heels, I passed, in the early morning, a dreary little town with a huge greyish old building in the French Central Mountains.

"This is the biggest prison in France," I told my somnolent wife and children.

"I am not interested in French prisons now," my wife retorted wearily, "but in escaping German concentration camps. You'd better step on the gas."

She pointed to a sign—Clermont-Ferrand, 16 Km. It marked the first stage of the journey, and we forgot the prison.

Few people in the endless procession of cars packed with tens of thousands of refugees from Paris realised then the publicity that was to come to that morose little prison town.

It was well known to lawyers as an important judicial centre with spacious law-courts; to men with criminal records as the biggest French penal prison.

Even the inhabitants of that little place, ten miles from Clermont-Ferrand, did not know then that their prison would attain world-fame; that its name would be printed every second or third day in newspapers from Tokio to Valparaiso, from Murmansk to the Cape, from London to Melbourne.

Fascist Symbol

The name of the prison town was Riom.

These four letters have become a symbol to Fascist France.

Perhaps because of its spacious law-courts, perhaps because of its huge jail, perhaps because it is only 20 miles from Vichy, the town of Riom has been chosen as the scene of the strangest trial in French history to be held before a specially created Supreme Court.

It is the "War-guilt" trial, ordered for purely political reasons by the men of Vichy.

A strange trial in which French patriots will sit in the dock because they refused to dishonour their country and will be questioned, and probably sentenced, by a government that betrayed its Allies and became a tool of the enemy.

Six men have been chosen as scapegoats.

They were first detained for weeks in a remote castle, the Chateau de Chazeron.

But they are to be transferred to another, more prison-like "residence" whose name is to be kept secret as long as possible.

The six are isolated, not only from the outer world, but also from each other.

Mounted policemen keep constant watch on the roads, and in all villages in the neighbourhood, not so much to discourage unlikely attempts by friends to rescue the prisoners as to prevent any leakage of what is going on inside.

Three of the six men are former Prime Ministers of France.

Edouard Daladier, broadbacked, bald, red-faced, taciturn, surly and sometimes peevish. He is in the fifties.

Paul Reynaud, small, petulant, and sixty. His big square head is out of all proportion to his diminutive stature, and his Mongolian-like eyes, paired with an everlasting smile on his thin lips, won him the nickname of Mickey-Mouse in happier days.

Leon Blum, tall, slender, Jew, with now greyish hair and moustache; short-sighted behind horn-rimmed glasses; nervous, although self-composed; always a bit distant and even haughty, except with his friends; the most impressive, and also the most intelligent, of all the prisoners, but perhaps the least pugnacious. Nearly 70 years of age, he is the oldest in years but not in temperament and alertness.

Then there is ex-minister of Colonies, **Georges Mandel**, another Jew, but rather different in type from Leon Blum: medium-built, his neck always propped up in an old-fashioned stiff white collar reminiscent of Victorian England.

In the fifties, he never laughs or even smiles; he inspires fear and respect.

Last but not Least

Then there is former Air-Minister **Guy La Chambre**, the youngest of the lot, smart-looking, tall and something like a French Anthony Eden, who married Cora Madou, the popular music-hall star, a few years ago.

Last on the list is the general who was the most powerful man in France during the first eight months of the war.

Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, **Gustav Gamelin**, middle-sized, agile, still rather fair-haired than greying, and with rosy cheeks he does not look sixty-seven.

Yet on the eve of the war, a special law was necessary to exempt him from the superannuation that would have saved him (and perhaps France) much trouble.

Little has been heard of life inside the Chazeron Castle, and the detailed account by a Fascist weekly newspaper, notoriously unfair to political enemies, cannot be considered dependable.

But much of what it reported sounds quite likely.

Daladier is depressed, and even more surly than before.

This I knew already from a friend who travelled with him, Mandel and a few others from Bordeaux to Casablanca in the steamer "Massilia." The journey ended with the arrest of most of the passengers.

General Gamelin spends most of his time in his room, working feverishly on the memoirs that will form the basis for his defence in the trial.

Georges Mandel is pugnacious. He speaks little, except for complaining about the food, the bedding, and the cold, and he has insisted on having his fur-coat sent to him since the Government has been unable to arrange for proper heating of the prison.

Agile ex-Premier

Paul Reynaud keeps fit by bicycling in the alleys of the park during the exercise hours, or jumping over fences with such agility (said the Fascist weekly jeeringly) that the warders are already wondering whether the walls are high enough.

That the Fascist paper had nothing to report about M. Guy La Chambre and M. Leon Blum seems to indicate that it was not satisfied about them.

Its news would probably have made them more popular among the millions of Frenchmen who already consider the prisoners as martyrs.

After all, M. Guy La Chambre must have good reasons to believe that he will confound his accusers.

When they issued a warrant for his arrest, accusing him of having failed to increase French aircraft production, he was in the United States.

The men of Vichy apparently thought that they might safely indict him, since he would never return, and thus admit his guilt.

But he immediately flew by the Clipper to Lisbon.

A few days later he appeared on the Franco-Spanish frontier. The men of Vichy were evidently embarrassed by this smart gesture, but they had to stick to their decision.

They brought him to the new Bastille, but they would certainly have preferred him to stay in the States.

I wonder how super-sensitive Leon Blum will resist the moral and physical ordeal of a long imprisonment.

The last time I saw him was in Clermont-Ferrand, when the news came that the Germans had been allowed to occupy Paris without meeting any resistance.

"I think I have now touched the bottom of sadness," he said to me.

He had not.

On the same night he left for Bordeaux to make a supreme attempt to prevent the disastrous capitulation.

In the hysterical atmosphere of Bordeaux, Fascist waiters refused to serve him.

He had to move to a colleague's house.

Other friends urged him to flee to England.

He refused.

He knew how his enemies would misrepresent such a decision. But he also knew that remaining in France would soon mean his arrest by the new Fascist rulers; perhaps his death.

This "international Socialist Jew," as the Nazis call him, was a greater French patriot in the hour of his country's distress than most of the generals and admirals who had always claimed to represent virtues of courage and patriotism.

If the trial of Riom is ever to be held in public, the judges (and the self-styled Government of Vichy which they represent) will be easily beaten by his superior intelligence.

Confusing Issues

The Vichy Government is so much aware of the weakness of its case that it had to confuse the issues.

When it was decided, under German pressure, to create a Supreme Court for judging the "responsible men," the world was given to understand that it would be a "war-guilt" trial.

Hitler, who is eager to be exonerated in the eyes of his own people from the responsibility for the outbreak of war, gave his French puppets to understand that they would be more leniently treated if they had the courage to expose the French and the British statesmen as the only guilty men.

Now, even among the stunned and gagged masses of France there still exists a feeling for national honour.

Pétain and Laval, realising their blunder, would have liked to drop the whole idea. But the Nazis threatened merciless peace terms if the new men did not accuse their predecessors.

The "war-guilt" problem was therefore linked with such absolutely different questions as the alleged attempt by Georges Mandel to proclaim after the armistice a counter-government in North Africa to continue the war on the side of Great Britain.

Or the insufficient technical preparation for the war for which Leon Blum, Daladier and Guy la Chambre are apparently being made responsible.

Or the French diplomatic commitments towards Great Britain, which seem to be the main charge against Paul Reynaud.

Or the deficient conduct of the war for which General Gamelin is arraigned.

How a proper indictment can be drafted for such a cocktail-trial still remains to be seen.

But German masters are becoming impatient. They insist on an early trial on war-guilt charges.

German and Italian newspapers recently said:—

"What we need is an acknowledgment by the French that their country was dragged by the British Government into an unnecessary war.

"That this war was also badly prepared for and badly conducted by incompetent ministers and generals is a purely domestic matter which makes the case worse for the Frenchmen, but does not interest us."

Never in history has a great country been submitted by the fault of its own rulers to such a degree of self-abasement.

The trial of Riom promises to be not only the strangest, but also the most dishonourable in history.

BEHIND BARBED WIRE

● This is the inside story of a British internment camp written by an Austrian anti-Nazi who has been kept behind barbed wire until the authorities were certain of his desire to help only the Allies

FIVE days ago I was incarcerated in a British internment camp as "an enemy alien."

I felt very hopeless, very desperate there, separated from my wife and the child I have brought up never to hear, let alone speak, one word of the German tongue that I hate.

Barbed wire surrounded me—as it surrounded me in German prison camps for working against Hitler and his loathsome régime.

My work in Germany and this country against Nazism, work which the British authorities themselves admit has been most valuable, availed me nothing.

"The bigger the Nazi agent, the more careful he would have been to come here with a record we should describe as politically clean," is the way they looked at it.

I cannot quarrel with that view. Who am I that I should do so? What are my personal misfortunes weighed against the fact that this country has got to beat the Nazis and is going to do so?

Nor can I quarrel with the policy of wholesale internment pending due enquiry into every case that put me there.

My continued incarceration was against the wishes of my captors, the authorities in Whitehall, and the Government that framed the regulations. I was kept a prisoner by the arch-demon Muddle—and nothing else.

No harm and much good can result if I help to destroy that demon.

I am the more eager to do so because many more good friends of this country and bitter enemies of Hitlerism are still prisoners, victims of the same Muddle.

High officers who are striving to release them cannot hack through the red tape which is the comet's tail of Muddle.

They see some of these internees worrying their way slowly to madness, but can do nothing about it.

Muddle is abrogating the powers of the Government itself. But it is hard, when behind barbed wire, to recognise it as Muddle. Feelings of bitterness arise in the hearts of good friends, and that shouldn't be.

I need not give details of my first weeks as an internee. The authorities felt that they would like to probe my history. They thought it would be safer if I were detained while their enquiries went on, and it would be stupid even to question that decision.

Once inside, however, I became something of a Forgotten Man.

THE Government showed anxiety to get the true friends of this country—men and women about whom there could be no possible doubt—back to freedom as quickly as possible.

With that in view, two White Papers were issued, setting out the categories of internees who were due for release.

In most camps three to four weeks at least elapsed before the occupants knew anything about those instructions.

Men who were due for release, not knowing that liberty was now theirs by right, started to make all sorts of applications to regain their liberty.

The applications, often, became reasons why they should be detained still further.

Particularly unfortunate were the men with high abilities as aircraft-construction technicians.

An enemy alien anxious to get into an aircraft factory?

There was every reason to go into this man's case again.

Let me speak of my own case. Having fought against Hitlerism by every means in my power, I was eager to fight against him as a soldier long before I had any idea I would be interned.

Lovers of Britain, the misjudged men of the internment camps look across the barbed wire fence and wonder why they are being detained. Some are nearly crazy with worry

The only unit open to me, a technical enemy alien, was the Pioneer Corps, and I put in for that.

I renewed my application after my internment only to find that grave suspicion attached to any internee who sought to enter the British Army.

"Look what harm he could do as a soldier," was the obvious thought.

I gave the names of bitterly anti-Nazi members of the British House of Commons who could vouch that I had fought against Hitler for years, had been persecuted at his hands, had come here to save my life.

SOME of the people I named could vouch for me as far back as my tenth birthday.

Eventually, I was pinning all my faith to my efforts to enlist before I had been interned.

I continued those efforts.

I was examined by the doctor and passed Grade A.

"Straight into the British Army, now," I thought, rubbing my hands. But it wasn't to be. I had to wait for authority to enlist, and that could only arrive after close examination of my political character by the War Office.

My political character has already been examined by other authorities, but no matter.

Weeks went by.

I felt the War Office didn't want me.

I learned of the White Papers.

Finding that they entitled me to apply for release under Category 19, which deals with people who have consistently shown loyalty to this country and hatred of the Nazis, I made the necessary application.

In the meantime, weeks having passed, my lawyer made application at the War Office to find how I stood regarding my efforts to enlist.

They could find no record of such efforts—and that was that.

Then, out of the blue, came news that the War Office had agreed to accept me in the Army.

The camp authorities at once told me: *"But you have now made application for release under Category 19. You had better wait until we know your fate under that application."*

Make no mistake about it, I am not blaming the camp authorities.

They knew mine was a case for release, but they just couldn't manage it.

I have seen them striving to secure release for people just as much entitled to it as I was, and, despite their best efforts, those people are still interned.

Months passed without my application under Category 19 being acknowledged.

I became depressed.

I spoke to the camp authorities.

They said there might be another two or three months of delay before I could get out.

There was chronic delay higher up.

My desperation was such that I was told to see the doctor.

I found myself before the man who had passed me as fit for the British Army.

He had no hesitation in saying of the now worn-down figure in front of him that he was now medically unfit to be interned.

So the gates were opened for me, and I am here to write this account.

Why do I write it?

Because of any bitterness I feel? I feel none.

I have known another kind of internment, the German kind, the kind which means that you have nothing but Hatred and Brutality about you.

I COULD not be bitter about the British kind, which substitutes for hatred and brutality kindness and understanding—and muddle.

As I have said, I feel no bitterness.

I feel that it is a sign of the greatness of British character that the officials themselves admit the Muddle to you, and strive in your presence to remedy it.

Germans, having made a mistake about keeping a man prisoner, would continue to keep him prisoner lest he should talk about it, lest he should give vent to any venom arising from the injustice of it.

The British say: "Sorry, old man," as they open the gates between you and liberty.

It is one of the many hallmarks stamped as plentifully as leopard's spots on British character.

But the Muddle is not ended yet.

The authorities strive to end it by sending overseas all whom it would be dangerous to release, keeping some—they might not exceed a thousand in the long run—about whom they are not sure, releasing those regarding whose loyalty there can be no doubt.

But this policy of liquidating the internment system is itself causing heartbreak, may even cause madness, I fear.

SOME of the undoubted friends of Britain I have left behind the barbed wire imagine that their continued detention means that Britain is certain of their guilt.

They walk about the camps saying: "But I love Britain. I love every bit of her. I love the British. Why don't they realise I do? Why don't they? I can't understand it."

They put their hands to their heads and say: "It may be that landlord of mine. I said something about the tram services to him. Did he imagine I was saying something about Britain? That must be it.

"The man has made a mistake. He must put it right. He must be made to put it right."

The next morning they are wondering whether it is all due to something they said at the little shop round the corner. They go on imagining and imagining.

That inferiority complex which is inherent in the German, and makes the worst of them into blustering, callous, inhuman bullies, and the best of them into people who would suspect their best friends, takes a hand.

It builds on the sense of injustice and frustration that they feel.

I have looked into the eyes of some, and those eyes have been near to madness.

And they are really, truly, friends of Britain.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON, I know, will find that out for sure—quickly, because he is always a quick worker.

And quickly because he must be quick.

There are some who must not be released.

They do not suffer.

They are there because they ought to be there, and no man suffers when that is the case.

I would put some of them in front of a firing squad.

The enemy of this country at war should suffer as the enemy of a country at war.

But the friends, the proved friends—we mustn't let Muddle hurt them.

"FAITH IN 'JOHN BULL' JUSTIFIED"

—Says Air Raid Victim

MR. F. W. WHITE, a London carman, was driving a pair-horse van when bombs were dropped.

His horses bolted, and he was thrown from his seat and killed. In acknowledging a cheque for £100, paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance, his widow writes:

"I am grateful for the kindness you have shown me since my bereavement. I am amazed at the prompt manner in which you have dispatched the cheque of £100. My husband always had faith in JOHN BULL, *and I am so happy to think that his faith was justified."*

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 policy (for husband and wife), underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War Time Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered, a postcard put in the post to-day (revised postage 2d.), addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will bring the Registration Forms by return.

Britain in Battledress

★

I STAND by the notice-board of a famous London hospital.

The building has been bombed overnight. Part of it has been reduced to a rubble. Of the heroism displayed by doctors, nurses, everybody down to the humblest porter, I will tell you later.

My concern at the moment is a notice-board, and a pretty young nurse who is looking at it through smoke-blue eyes.

"You ask me how my hospital is carrying on," said the secretary, indicating the watching figure. "That is how it is carrying on.

"We look at a board—every one of us from the highest to the lowest. What our particular rota tells us to do, we do.

"Bombs may be dropping the moment a particular job is due to be begun. It is begun. The roof may be ablaze. It is begun nevertheless.

"That little nurse knows her job for to-night. What conditions will be like to-night nobody knows. The question doesn't enter her mind.

"She will be at her job, and that's all there is about it."

We will go back a night.

We are in that hospital again.

SISTERS are in their wards, as the rota said they should be. Surgeons are carrying out emergency operations, according to their duty list.

Door attendants, liftmen, ambulance workers, porters—they are all there.

The siren sounds.

Nobody refers to it.

Noiselessly, without a word of conversation that rises above a whisper, the patients are wheeled down long corridors to the lifts, the lifts whirl them down to the comparative safety of basements, and the routine goes on.

The patient who has to have a special tonic at 9 p.m. has it. The patient who feels so lonely and forlorn without the touch of a nurse's cool hand has that magic touch—and it is as cool as ever.

The soil of London trembles under great explosions right down to that lower strata that the Romans trod. But nothing disturbs the strict routine of doctor, diet sheet—and rota.

AMBULANCES sweep to the doors, bringing casualties we needn't dwell upon.

The porter is at the door; the liftman at his lift; the surgeon at his table; the nurse by his side.

A man presents himself at the front door. He is so apologetic. He has had a tooth out, and the wound simply won't stop bleeding. It's dreadful to trouble them with so small a thing at such a time, he knows, but rather fears the bleeding is getting worse.

"It's what we are here for," says the porter.

Ambulance men take him to the lift, the liftman takes him to the cellar—just as though the London above was the quiet, peaceful London we used to know on October nights.

A young doctor plugs his wound and stops the bleeding. A nurse asks where he lives, and then, finding the journey home will be a long and cold one, says: *"Don't go out into this unless you think your wife will be very, very worried."*

NURSES ON THE SPOT

They completed every emergency operation in the underground theatre of the hospital before asking questions about the bomb that burst so near

Serious and routine cases continue to pour in.

Then . . . it burst through the roof, just the sort of bomb you would expect the Nazis to hurl at a hospital. It swept away floors bought by the pennies of the London workers. Years and years of accumulation of pennies, gone in one dreadful second.

It hurled high into the air apparatus that has saved the lives of Germans and Britons alike in the long history of this hospital.

It killed workers who have devoted their lives to mercy in this institution of mercy.

But downstairs the routine goes on.

Not by a quiver of a hand does the surgeon bending over the operating-table show his recognition of the fact that the building has been hit. Not by a look or a gesture do the nurses show fear.

Upstairs the hospital's A.R.P. workers attend to their own wounded, their own damage.

But for whatever stricken stranger the world cares to send them for succour and healing the porter is still at his door, the lift man at his lift, the surgeon at the table, and the nurse beside him.

COME round other hospitals with me.

Wherever we go we shall hear of heroism almost unbelievable.

Two nurses and three masseuses were killed at St. Thomas's at their post of duty.

Miss Barbara Mortimer Thomas, another masseuse, was buried under fallen masonry.

For seventeen hours she was trapped, while squads of men fought to release her. Then, just as the last timbers were being lifted from her, the air raid siren sounded again.

That small added shock—one she wouldn't have bothered about in the ordinary way—was just too much for that brave spirit.

She died in the moment of release.

And those who toiled to free her cannot remember one word of impatience or anxiety in those seventeen long hours. They can remember nothing but little smiles of gratitude and encouragement.

It would need a lot of silver to make George medals for all the St. Thomas's heroes and heroines of that night.

How hotly would some of them deny that they were heroines at all.

The sister, for instance, whose ward was wrecked was found by would-be rescuers handing cups of tea to all patients able to have them.

She said nothing about air raids at all. They didn't ask her about the tea. If they had, she would probably have replied, "It's time for tea, anyway."

I would include among the heroines, too, the old woman who found herself in danger of being left in an alcove when the stricken wards were cleared.

"You won't forget me, my dears, will you?" she asked in a sweet, I-wouldn't-trouble-you-for-worlds voice.

A bomb burst among forty-six patients at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

IT became necessary, then, to carry them to the safest place of all, the deepest cellars.

But three water-mains had burst. The cellars were filling with water. So, with bombers overhead, the forty-six were carried over a quadrangle thick with shattered glass to another shelter.

Only two children cried. Ask any mother what manner of woman it is who can carry out such work under such perilous conditions and keep children so calm.

At another hospital doctors had an emergency operation to do. But there were no lights. And no water.

They toiled with the mechanics and electricians to get an emergency lighting system going, and to get boiling water from a near-by boiler. Then they amputated a leg. Successfully.

BY now other emergency cases were waiting.

They were working on the first of them when a bomb burst twenty yards away. Carefully, skilfully they went on with their task.

They completed every emergency operation before they raised their tense faces to ask their first question about that bomb.

Such work is going on in scores of London hospitals—and in other hospitals up and down the country.

It would happen in any hospital you could find in this land.

It happens in institutions devoted to mental defectives. Imagine how much more nerve-wracking the work is among people whose poor minds cannot understand the terrors about them.

It happens in maternity homes, where the nurses strive to make hours of terror into a woman's greatest hour.

British hospital staffs have been machine-gunned. Every night they face such ordeals as I have described.

But, as you read these words, they will be looking at their rotas.

They've got a job to do to-night—a job calling for mercy, kindness, tenderness, all those finest human qualities that have brought Healing to be the highest of all arts.

Goering won't stop them.

Burning Public Money!

EVEN though we are urged on every hand, by speaker and by poster, to save every scrap of "waste," at least twelve hundred men are paid to destroy a most valuable residual.

From the nation's hard-earned money we pay scientists, working in Government research laboratories, to discover the virtue of raw materials.

They tell us that sawdust can be used as fuel for steam generators, in gas producers, for heat and sound insulators, packing absorbents, such composition products as lignocrete and plastics, sugar's acetic acid, alcohol, creosote and blocks of various kinds for floors and walls.

Then why does the Ministry of Supply allow busy sawmills to burn their sawdust residue, allowing the valuable potash that is left to be scattered to the four winds.

Think how much any gardener or farmer would give for a load of potash to put new life into his ground; then realise how silly it is to throw the stuff away.

* * *

All country lovers regret the necessity of denuding Britain's already scanty woods and forests, but as it is part of the national war effort they accept as inevitable the screaming saws working day and night.

These saws, humming, shrieking, whizzing, turn out so much sawdust in their day that three men are needed for every twenty saws merely to collect the sawdust—and dispose of it by shovelling it into furnaces as though it were so much waste material.

The Ministry of Supply pleads that it is impossible to arrange transport facilities for a sawdust collection.

It argues that local authorities must save this valuable waste. Yet there is no evidence that the local authorities have been ordered to collect the stuff.

Meantime, tons of fruit go to waste because there is no sugar for jam. And every day a material from which sugar could be derived is allowed to go to blazes!

It's about time that anti-waste broadcasters, the Ministry of Supply, the Ministry of Agriculture, of the County War Agricultural committees took an interest in sawdust.

They can't expect us to go on saving milk bottle tabs, cigarette boxes and the like while they are so prodigal with such a mass of valuable waste.

At Mr. Morrison's suggestion the plain folk "went to it" with a will. They saved everything from tin cans to old bones under the glare of official publicity; now we expect the limelight to be switched on to the big manufacturers.

If all industrial plants act in the same way as the sawmills, there is a lot to be done by the anti-waste brigade.

Now let them go to it!

MASSING for the BIG ROUN

Hitler's blitzkrieg is burning itself out without bringing a definite decision, and he is plunging into the Balkans in an attempt to bring off a desperate gamble for the raw materials needed by his war machine if he is to carry on the struggle. Another prodigious plan, it is doomed to failure, says

A. G. GARDINER

AFTER the battle of the Marne in 1914 that great man Venizelos predicted that Germany had lost the war.

He was right, though it took four years of slaughter to prove that he was right.

In turning eastward away from Paris von Kluck committed a capital blunder from which German strategy never recovered. That is the verdict of history.

If Venizelos were living to-day I think he would say that Hitler's Germany has made as fatal a blunder as the Kaiser's Germany did in 1914. The blunder was made in June.

How Wrong He Was!

After his spectacular drive to the coast, Hitler had two courses before him.

He could launch his *blitzkrieg* against France, or he could launch it against us.

He turned south and gave France the knock-out blow.

It is easy to see why he made the choice. He believed, not unreasonably, that the shock would shatter our nerve and end the war.

What it did was to end the *blitzkrieg* gamble. It gave us two precious months in which to recover from the terrific disaster that culminated at Dunkirk.

Had the lightning been launched when we were reeling from that blow—our army scattered, our material captured, the enemy at the maximum of his power—who can doubt the peril we should have been in?

And we know now what France, left to fight alone, would have been worth. The war might conceivably have been over within Hitler's time-table.

Instead, the *blitzkrieg* has burned itself out. It has not brought a decision.

A new war is afoot, and Hitler's plunge to the Balkans is the result.

The purpose of that plunge is plain. He must break the British blockade at sea and get access to resources which will enable him to sustain a prolonged war.

While he pinned his faith to the lightning blow and a whirlwind conquest of Britain, Hitler could ignore the factor of sea-power.

Thwarted by Navy

Or rather he thought he could do so. He believed that he could dominate the sea from the air and that he could counteract the blockade by overrunning Europe.

If he had been able to carry Britain by storm his calculation would have been justified.

But he has failed, and now the stranglehold of the British Navy becomes the most potent factor in the struggle.

It is slow, it is silent, but it is inexorable, and in a war of exhaustion it is decisive.

It was so in the war 1914-18. It will be so now unless Hitler can break through his prison and secure those supplies, especially of oil, which will keep his war machine running indefinitely.

The thrust through Rumania to the Black Sea is Hitler's first blow in his attempt to breach the blockade by way of the Eastern Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

While Mussolini advances through Egypt to the attack on the Suez, Hitler's purpose is to drive through the Balkans to the Dardanelles, overawe or conquer Turkey and join hands with the victorious Italians in Egypt.

Faced by the Lions

If this scheme could be carried through the blockade would be broken. The Suez would be in Hitler's hands.

The whole littoral of the Eastern Mediterranean would be under his heel.

The rich oilfields of Asia Minor would be captured. And the British Fleet would be bottled up with little hope of escape.

ARGUE IT OUT — **BY PALLAS**

These Were My Friends

I HAD memories of the little chap running across a sunlit lawn, his limbs twinkling as he sped towards his lair in the near-by woods.

I remembered those happy days when in quick succession he was a Red Indian chief, a jungle explorer, a big game hunter.

I remembered the occasion when he was discovered smoking. He stood silent and white-faced while he was reprimanded for his offence.

I remembered the narrow escapes he had—the time he fell through the conservatory roof, the plunge into the duck pond.

He was eleven.

He called me "Uncle," although we were not related.

Now he lies in a North London cemetery, one of the many victims of Hitler's murder bombs.

His father was killed by the same explosion. They rest side by side in the last, long sleep.

The mother is in hospital. She has lost a leg. She saw her husband and son die.

She is racked by bodily pain, and through her dazed mind runs constantly the horror of those seconds when death came hurtling from the skies.

These were my friends. They gave me a warm welcome in a home that echoed with carefree childish laughter.

They were a family, closely knit and, in many respects, lovable.

Now the family is no more. A mother, her mind half-deranged, is left with two children, both younger than the one whose bright, imaginative life was snuffed out by a bomb.

This is probably no isolated case. Yet it has brought home to me the almost fantastic horror of this insensate bombing.

I have seen ruined homes, shops, pubs., kinemas in various parts of London.

Yet these sights did not unnerve me so much as did the sight of that poor mother stirring restlessly in her hospital bed and muttering, "*I saw it coming; I saw it coming.*"

She was referring to the bomb which she had seen in the sky as it crashed towards them.

This is not death.

It is the destruction of life. It is not like death which comes to man and woman in the normal cycle of things.

It is wholesale murder.

It is proof of the insane hatred which a new and terrible order of dictatorship holds against the freedom-loving people of this island.

When I heard of the death of those who were my friends, my whole being cried for vengeance.

I felt that no fate could be too cruel for men who deliberately set out to do such things.

Those who have lost relatives and friends will feel as I do.

"*Vengeance is mine. I will repay*"—*thus saith the Lord.*

Can one, dare one, quote Scripture in a world where nations have lost their reason; where hatred, lust for killing, destruction and terror stalk night and day across the skies—not only our skies but those over Europe?

Vengeance is a terrible weapon. It blinds reason, sanity; attacks the very fibre of the mind.

Yet it is as old and as human as the first cave man. It is the deep primordial desire to wreak suffering on those who have made others suffer.

We are not a vengeful people. We don't hit when our opponents are down. We don't hate quickly.

But when hate enters our souls it comes with a searing, scarifying passion.

Such hate is moving across England.

It is a hate directed not only against the men who murder and destroy but also against all the evil things for which they stand.

Hatred cannot restore those who have died. Hatred cannot bring back to once happy children that full carefree life they once enjoyed.

But hatred can help to keep us unswervingly on the hard road of sacrifice and toil on which we have set our feet.

When I remember my friends I remember, too, the others, unknown to me, who have perished in this nightmare of the air murder.

Although they are dead, they have not died in vain.

Their memory will serve to harden our hearts and to steel us for the ordeal looming ahead.

UND-UP

Like the *blitzkrieg*, it is a prodigious idea. And, like the *blitzkrieg*, it will find very formidable lions in the path to its execution.

There are formidable dangers to us, too, and we must not shut our eyes to them. They are chiefly the legacy which the betrayal of France has left to us.

That betrayal played havoc with the whole strategy of the defence of the Mediterranean, East and West, and threw the entire burden upon our shoulders.

It compelled our withdrawal from British Somaliland, and it left Syria a sort of no-man's-land for the intrigues of the enemy.

But, making due allowance for these adverse facts, the balance of forces should be in our favour.

Take our own position first. The attack on France instead of on Britain was not the only blunder the Axis made in June.

If the attack on the Suez had been seriously pressed at the moment of the French collapse it would have caught us badly on the wrong foot.

But it was not pressed, and in the interval the situation has been largely redeemed.

Reinforcements of men and material have reached the British military, naval and air forces in the Near East.

These forces are now stronger than they have ever been, and each day that passes adds to them.

Moreover, wherever there has been a clash with the Italians on sea or land or in the air the advantage has been with us.

This is important, not only in itself, but because of its influence upon the Arab world that counts for so much in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Turkey on Solid Ground

That world is whole-heartedly with us, less because it loves us than because it fears and hates both the Italians and the Germans.

Its military value is negligible, but its active sympathy is vital. That sympathy we have, and confidence in our strength will make it an invaluable ally.

As to the Balkan States still outside the clutches of Hitler and Mussolini, Bulgaria is unlikely to offer any resistance to the fate that has already overtaken Rumania.

But Yugoslavia and Greece have both declared their determination to defend their independence.

Our fleet can do little to help Yugoslavia but we have guaranteed support to Greece, and the coastline and islands of that country should offer invaluable opportunities for our naval activities.

There remains Turkey, and here our course is on very solid ground.

Throughout these anxious times Turkey has been the most determined and uncompromising advocate of Balkan solidarity against the brigand powers.

If her spirit had been shared by her neighbours there would have been a solid Balkan *bloc* to resist aggression. She failed in her endeavour in that direction, but her own resolution is fixed.

In vain has Von Papen sought to win her by bribes and intimidate her by threats. She has turned an inflexible front to both.

She is by far the most formidable military power in the Near East.

The great spirit of Kemal, the founder of modern Turkey, inspires her, and no one who has visited the Dardanelles in recent years can question the might of the defensive system that has been constructed on that historic frontier between Europe and Asia.

The Turkish official wireless warned Germany a week or two ago, that if she attempted to force her way across the Dardanelles 2,000,000 Turkish bayonets would bar the way.

And it is not only Turkey's military prowess and her indomitable will that have to be reckoned with.

The geographical and climatic hazards of an invasion of Turkey are a powerful addition to her defensive strength.

The incalculable factor in the Near East situation is Russia.

Inscrutable Stalin

It is impossible to guess what is in the mind of the inscrutable Stalin, except that he is anxious to keep out of the war and to profit by the general wreckage of Europe.

But it goes without saying that he must be profoundly concerned at the threat to the Balkans and the Dardanelles and at the irruption of Germany into the Black Sea.

This is a direct challenge to two of the most treasured principles of Russian policy—the security of the Black Sea and the security of the Dardanelles.

Hitler's presence at Constanza brings him at a stride in striking distance of the Baku oilfields.

And the seizure of the Dardanelles would padlock that thoroughfare to the Mediterranean against Russia for all time.

It is significant that the Russian official agency denies the Berlin statement that Hitler informed Stalin beforehand of his intended action in Rumania.

It is still more significant that the inclusion of Japan in the Axis was timed to coincide with the Balkan drive.

One of its purposes was clearly to remind Stalin that if he opposed Hitler in the Balkans Hitler could make things hot for him on his Far Eastern front.

It was a characteristic stroke of Hitlerian cunning.

It may keep Stalin quiet. And it may not.

Deadly Blow at Reds

What is certain is that the Axis scheme for breaking the blockade in the Eastern Mediterranean strikes a deadly blow at Russia in that "warm water" world which it has always been her ambition to share.

This fact cannot be disguised by cunning on the one side or paltered with by cowardice on the other.

It will have its part in the immense conflict that is approaching in the Near East, and it is difficult to suppose that that part can be favourable to Hitler.

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

● With the candour and foresight for which he has become famed, Hannen Swaffer handles these pertinent questions, which are on every man's lips. He gives no quarter in his fighting replies

HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

● There are the optimists who, until a few weeks ago, told us that the Germans could not stand another winter, that the blockade would cause in the conquered territories a pestilence that would spread to Germany.

Then there are the pessimists who can see no end except collapse and weariness on both sides.

In Whitehall, shell-back officials work on a "long-term" policy, thinking apparently in ten years of it.

Winston himself has talked of our offensive as though it will not happen till 1942.

Yet war is a perpetual surprise. It often reveals a weakness in strength that was apparently unbreakable. By stimulating inventiveness, it improvises weapons of attack—and defence—that in peace time would take years of planning.

This, more than any other, is a war of morale. Its issue depends on which side can best stand the strain.

My own estimate of the war's duration is—granted we can by that time establish air supremacy, which we can only do by intensified production and by using every hour—another year.

But that depends more on the workers than it does even on the Government.

SHOULD THERE BE WAR MEDALS?

● Not everyone, you know, approves even of the new George Cross. Some people would wear one with almost undying pride. Others are cynical.

You see, auxiliary firemen already complain that if they are injured in the nightly heroism for which the world applauds them, they lose their wages!

"After being blown up by a bomb I received my salary for the first week," writes one to me. "The next week I got only a third of my wages and was told I must go to the Assistance Board for the rest.

"The next week I was told there was no salary from the fire service, as I came under War Injury. I have a wife and two children to keep—and yet I am stopped 24s. a week till I am fit for work."

Would a George Medal repay him?

War Reserve Police tell me that if they are injured they get only half their pay and have to go to "Assistance" for the rest. "If we are killed our wives get only 11s. a week," writes one.

"Yesterday we were asked to subscribe towards seventeen widows of our men," an A.F.S. man tells me.

Would a posthumous medal, given to one of the killed men, satisfy the wife?

Medals, all very well in their way, are often a cloak for official callousness.

SHALL WE REALLY GET A NEW WORLD?

● You will get that only if you insist on it, but even then it must come by evolutionary progress and not be expected to arrive suddenly one morning.

Most people mean by a new world much more of what they liked in the old one. A few plan an entirely different social order. Some dream of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Actually, they differ mainly in the rate of progress by which general betterment should be speeded up.

The first thing we should ensure after the war is a more general distribution of the world's bounty—among nations and among individuals.

That is primary and all-important. The struggle to realise that will engage all our efforts in an hour when most people will be so glad the war is over, and to see around them any world at all, that they be content, amid all the flag-wagging, to allow any old political dodge to kid them.

Most people are satisfied with food, shelter and security. They have too little of the first, not enough comfort in the second and none of the third.

If you gave them all three, most of them would leave the New World to look after itself.

WHY ENCUMBER THE SOLDIER?

● Everywhere you go, when you travel, you see Tommies laden with all the accoutrements of war.

They carry rifles, tin hats and heavy packs and bundles with them, crowd them on seats in omnibuses, carry them to the stations and then, lumbering them on to the platforms, take them into the carriages or into the corridors.

The soldier must not leave his kit, apparently not even put it in the guard's van!

Surely not even the War Office expects that, at any moment, there may be an invasion, that Hitler will walk into a train and shoot the soldiers before they can get along to the luggage van!

"I caught the 7.25 train from Hereford yesterday," a friend told me. "It was crowded. At Worcester hundreds of soldiers got in with full pack, crowding all corridors so that no one could get along to the toilet or buffet. One woman, in trying to do so, was badly hurt on the ankle."

The present regulations were intended for an Army temporarily here, but meant for use abroad.

Keep that happy expression

When the problems of the day seem beyond you, light up a "Player". In the enjoyment of its fragrant aroma difficulties become less formidable, and composure is restored. Remember at all times that happy expression "Player's Please".

★ IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST EMPTY YOUR PACKET AT TIME OF PURCHASE AND LEAVE WITH YOUR TOBACCONIST

MEDIUM OR MILD • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS • 10 for 9d 20 for 1/5½

N.C.C.329C

PUT OUT FIRE. This young woman puts out the fire under her copper after 20 minutes now, because she uses the Rinso no-boiling method! It gives her time to do war-work as well as run her home.

★ New washing method gives brilliant results; saves over half your washday fuel; makes clothes last longer; gets the washing finished 1½ hours earlier; makes hard rubbing unnecessary ★

NO NEED NOW TO BOIL CLOTHES

SINCE the war began, more and more women have found that there is no need to boil clothes. The advantage, in time and fuel saving, is obvious. But there is more to it than that.

The new method cuts out all hard rubbing, makes the clothes last longer, gives the whitest, brightest wash a woman could wish for!

The clothes are simply soaked for 15 or 20 minutes in Rinso suds that are slightly heated. Very grubby places have a little dry Rinso smoothed into them beforehand. Even the extra-dirty whites come out brilliantly clean.

Women who thought they had already found the fastest and easiest way to get clothes clean say this new way makes their former method seem impossibly slow, tiring and wasteful. They find that the Rinso no-boiling method has all the following advantages:—

They save over half the coal they used to burn on long boiling. Those who use gas save three-quarters of it.

Clothes wear better. Tests show that shirts last 4 months longer, household linens 6 to 8 months longer.

A week's washing can be done 1½ hours faster, and the work is not tiring because there is none of the hard rubbing or drudgery of the old-fashioned way.

By saving fuel and making the clothes last longer, you will not only be saving your own money—you will be helping the country.

Start next washday! You will find Rinso does the whole wash beautifully. It keeps woollens in the best condition, brings coloureds up bright and lovely. You need no bar soap, flakes or any other washing product. Rinso costs 3½d., 6d. and 1/- (Giant size).

★ **War-time Advice FREE!** The makers of Rinso have set up an Advice Department to help women to economise during the war. All the experience of the Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories is at your service. Write to the Director, Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories, Bebington, Cheshire. ★

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

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Batchelor's Peas — THE PICK OF THE CROP

Try also FRUIT SALAD, DICED CARROTS, BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE, HARICOT BEANS

Batchelor's Peas Ltd., Sheffield

THE INTERLOPER

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

By JULIAN DARKE

THERE was the merest suggestion of a twinkle in Dr. Tom Woodridge's blue eyes as he laid his stethoscope on his carefully littered desk and looked down at the elderly, diminutive, bald-headed man who had given his name as Stevens.

There was also the faintest hint of mockery in his voice.

"You know most of these pains you've described exist only in your imagination," he said. "Apart from the fact that you're no longer young, that you've been working far too hard for far too many years, and that you're a tired man, there's very little wrong with you.

"A touch of nervous dyspepsia—nothing worse. I'll mix you something."

"I hope it'll do me more good than the stuff Dr. Tuttle gave me," growled the little man.

"Dr. Tuttle?" echoed Tom Woodridge, stroking his tawny beard associated with a tawny moustache. "Who's he?"

"You don't know?" the little man seemed surprised. "Well, of course, you haven't been here very long. He's the doctor in Green Street, just over the canal bridge. Been there for more than thirty years—they say."

"Has he?" Tom Woodridge raised his brows. "Well, he must be a pretty good doctor, then, even if he hasn't done you any good."

"How d'you make that out?"

"Isn't it obvious? If he weren't a good doctor he wouldn't have remained in Green Street all that time. He'd have been found out, his patients would have deserted him, and he would have had to sell his practice. Now, if you'll just sit there for a minute I'll get you that medicine."

Dr. Tom Woodridge disappeared into a narrow room, lined with shelves that were filled with bottles and jars.

It was his dispensary.

In accordance with the custom of "bob" doctors in London's East End—what he called his dispensary included not only the narrow room, but also the consulting room in which he had left his brand-new patient and the waiting-room beyond it.

A grin lurked between his moustache and his beard as he proceeded to fill a six-ounce bottle with a colourless fluid from a very big bottle.

MEANTIME, the man who had given his name as Stevens became interested in various things on the desk beside which he was seated.

Among them were a day-book, in which there were only a few entries, and an engagement diary in which there were no entries at all.

But he was back in an attitude of dyspeptic dejection when the man he had consulted returned with the six-ounce bottle swathed in white paper sealed with red wax.

Stevens offered a shilling and received the bottle.

Tom Woodridge opened the door into the waiting-room and ushered his patient towards the door that opened inwards from Parnell Street.

Benches were set against two of the walls of the waiting-room, but no one was waiting on them.

All round the room, in one long row upon all the walls, were photographs in frames of passé-partout, thirty-five of them all told.

The photographs were of babies, some in the arms of proud mothers, some entirely by themselves; babies of both sexes and of all sorts and sizes, with or without clothing.

The man who had given his name as Stevens paused.

"Quite a practice in midwifery, eh?" he suggested.

"That's the idea," said Tom Woodridge.

"And all these photographs were given to you by the grateful parents of children you brought into the world?"

"That's the idea."

STEVENS looked along the row.

"Some of them, no doubt, have quite a history," he commented.

"Quite." Tom Woodridge nodded and smiled.

"This one, for instance." Stevens advanced to a photograph that was a trifle faded—a photograph in which an extremely beautiful young woman was holding a chubby infant upon her knees.

"Oh, that?" Tom Woodridge gave one swift side-glance at the picture and another at his questioner. "Yes, there's quite a story to that one.

"When that bonny boy was born an absolute blizzard was raging. The wind was howling round the house, the windows were rattling, and——"

"You were present at that birth?"

"I certainly was!"

Stevens examined the print more closely.

"Well, if the other photographs are no more authentic than this one," he said drily, "they're all fakes!"

"I beg your pardon?" Dr. Tom Woodridge sounded shocked.

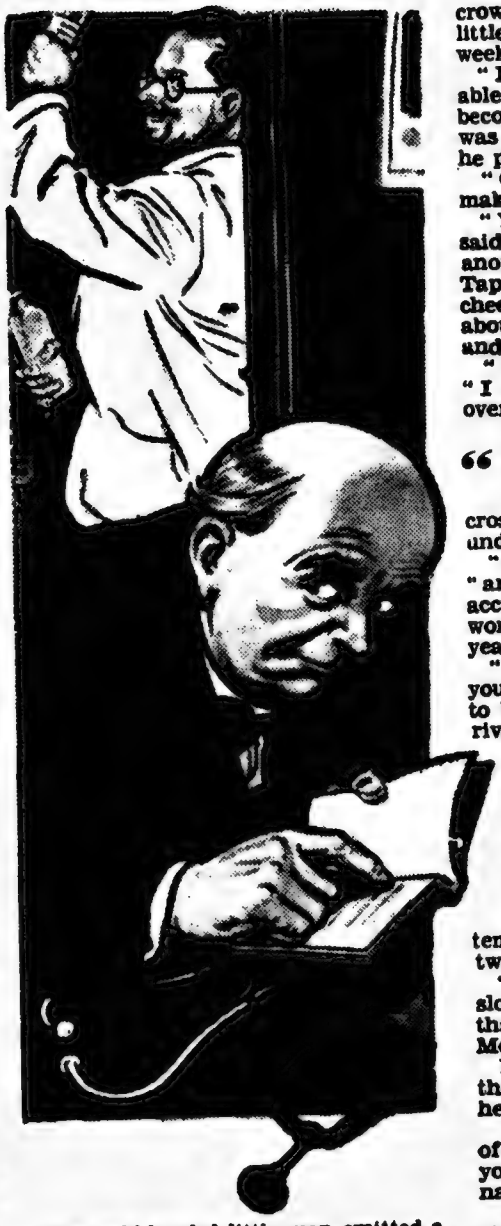
"This photograph has faded with age," said Stevens, "and the frock that woman is wearing was in fashion about twenty-four years ago."

Instead of displaying anger, or dismay, Tom Woodridge chuckled.

"Nearly twenty-six years ago," he corrected. "But what I've told you is perfectly true just the same. The woman of that photograph is upstairs at this very moment and can prove my words. She is my mother. I was that baby."

"Oh!" Stevens blinked, but recovered his poise. "What about the rest?"

"All fakes, so far as I'm concerned, except two," was the cheerful admission, "and those two were cases I attended when I was a student. The rest I acquired from various photographers before I set up in practice. Nothing more encouraging to expectant mothers, you know, than to imagine a doctor has had a wide experience in such matters."



The bald-headed little man emitted a sound somewhere between a laugh and a snort.

"Why are you giving yourself away in this fashion?" he asked.

"I'M in the mood for free and open confession." Tom Woodridge waved one hand to indicate recklessness and with the other pointed to his own face. "Even the beard and moustache are what you might call a fake. I grew them to inspire confidence in the bosoms of patients who so far have failed to arrive. Age suggests experience—youth the opposite.

"A very young doctor is damned by his boyish appearance. He may be clever, but the ailing general public aren't going to believe it. I'm only a little over twenty-five, but this face-moss makes me look at least forty-two."

"As full of tricks as Charles Dickens's celebrated character Bob Sawyer," remarked Stevens. "I suppose you realise you're an interloper? Why didn't you buy a practice, instead of setting up in an old shop and trying to steal patients from established men?"

"Lack of funds." Tom Woodridge sat down on a table among some out-of-date periodicals. "I only just managed to rent this place for a year, after buying the equipment. I thought there was room for one more medico in a crowded district like this, but I've taken little more than ten shillings in ten weeks.

"I'm very much afraid I shan't be able to last out, and I didn't want to become a locum—or an assistant. I was under Purdie, at St. Kilda's, and he predicted a brilliant career for me.

"Goes to show that even great men make mistakes, doesn't it?"

"You're mightily cheerful about it," said Stevens. "You remind me of another of Dickens's characters—Mark Tapley, wasn't it?—who was always cheerful under adversity. Well, I heard about you, I made inquiries about you, and I came to look you over."

"Indeed?" said Tom Woodridge. "I understood you came to be looked over."

"WELL, that was part of the idea." Stevens sat down on one of the benches, crossed his short legs, and pinched his underlip between thumb and forefinger.

"I needed an overhaul," he went on, "and your diagnosis was absolutely accurate. I *am* getting old. I *have* worked far too hard for far too many years. And I'm worn out.

"What I need is a partner—a man as young and as resourceful as you appear to be. You'd be a dangerous man as a rival—in your own profession—if you had the money to hang on, but you'd be a tower of strength as a partner."

Dr. Tom Woodridge bowed.

"Thanks for all the compliments," he murmured. "Unfortunately, partnerships aren't to be acquired without capital."

Stevens stood up, rubbed his narrow, clean-shaven chin, and contemplated again the photograph that was twenty-six years old.

"In my own particular case," he said slowly, "I think a mere detail like that would be capable of arrangement. Money isn't everything, you know."

He turned abruptly to look up into the handsome face of the young man he had described as an interloper.

"Look here, you've been doing a lot of confessing—now it's my turn. I gave you my name as Stevens. It isn't my name."

"Oh, I know that," said Tom Woodridge with the utmost serenity.

"You knew it?" The little man was flabbergasted.

"Sure thing! You opened a Red Cross fête the other week—your picture was in the local paper. You're Dr. Walter Tuttle."

"Good heavens! And you've been leading me up the garden all this while!"

"I was only accompanying you, sir." Dr. Walter Tuttle laughed heartily.

"I did adopt a most unprofessional course in coming to you as a patient," he conceded, "but I had to satisfy myself that Purdie's description of you was not too flowery.

"Oh yes, I wrote to Purdie after I looked you up in the Medical List. Well, the offer of a partnership is open for consideration, my boy—what do you say to it?"

"I suggest," said Dr. Tom Woodridge happily, "that we go back into my consulting-room and talk it over."

"Good idea." Dr. Walter Tuttle held up the six-ounce bottle that was wrapped in white paper. "By the by, what did you give me for my 'nervous dyspepsia'?"

Dr. Tom Woodridge stroked his tawny beard and his blue eyes twinkled.

"Naturally one wouldn't play tricks with a brother practitioner," he said. "Just distilled water."

WORK

as you've never worked before!

but don't forget this

POINT

FITNESS COMES FIRST

Times like these take it out of you. But a glass of rich, ruby Red Point Wine every day puts it back . . . . keeps you up to form—puts new punch behind the job. Produced with the finest imported grape juice, Red Point is something to look forward to after a good day's work. And it costs you no more than 3/3d. a bottle.

**Red Point is a rich ruby wine of Port character. You should also try White Point, at the same price, a white sweet wine of Port character.*

RED POINT

RICH RUBY WINE

Produced & Bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.

The Inalienable Right of Children to something sweet

WHEN children plead for something sweet, don't scold them.

They are only maintaining their inalienable right, as active and growing young citizens, to an extra ration of energy.

NATURAL SWEETNESS

The sweetness of Horlicks—which comes naturally from the milk sugar and malt sugars in it—is loved by children and gives them that added energy in a form which they can use at once. It passes into the bloodstream almost immediately without putting any strain on the digestion. It does children a power of good and never causes "upsets."

Besides producing quick energy, Horlicks also provides the child with body-building protein[1] and calcium[2]. There's fresh, full-cream milk in it—one of the best "protective" foods.

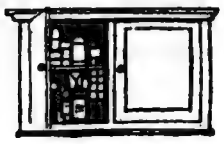
CORRECTS MONOTONY OF DIET

What's so good about Horlicks, too, is that it's a *complete* food. So it helps to make good any lack of essential elements in children's other food and to correct any tendency to monotony in their diet. This is important these days when free choice of foods is often limited.

So let your children have Horlicks! They'll love it and be all the better for it! Prices from 2/-; the same as before the war. At all chemists and grocers.

[1] *Horlicks is 14%-15% protein—one-half of which is "first-class protein" derived from milk.*
[2] *Horlicks contains calcium to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. Also the milk sugar in Horlicks helps the growing child to use calcium to the best advantage.*

HORLICKS



FOR YOUR EMERGENCY STORE

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only and can be taken cold if gas or electricity supplies fail. It keeps indefinitely even after the bottle has been opened, provided the cap is replaced tightly. For safety's sake, get an extra stock of Horlicks now.

MUNITIONS *for the* HOME FRONT

There are 12 million homes in this country; all in the front line. Over 9,100,000 have wireless sets, and that's something to be thankful for. In those homes, instructions, news, music and amusement are "on tap." Rumour can be killed by the turn of a switch, gloom relieved by the Forces programme—inspiration gained by the voices of people like Churchill, Dorothy Thompson and Priestley—morale kept high and fully charged by contact with the outside world and current events.

*3 million homes are still without this shield against depression, rumour, defeatism. Everyone realises that the needs and demands of the services come first. This Company is, in fact, engaged on important work for the Forces.

But so long as there are homes ill-equipped or unequipped with radio sets, so long shall we hope to find the means and material to supply civilian needs. We believe it to be a task of national importance.

Murphy Sets are still available from Murphy Dealers.

MURPHY

*MUNITIONS FOR THE HOME FRONT

G.R.C. 598

Voice of the People

RULE BY SELFISH TEN PER CENT. : WHY ONIONS MAKE US WEEP : SHELL OF HOUSE REMAINS AFTER RAID AS MONUMENT TO RED TAPE : PLEA TO SAVE KEYS AS SCRAP METAL : A GERMAN FABLE

MAYBE the critics are right in saying that 10 per cent. of the German people rule the remainder; yet the same description can be applied here.

Prices are governed to some extent by the 10 per cent. people who won't pay bills. Conditions are affected adversely by the 10 per cent. people with dirty habits in handling of food.

Life here, as in Germany, would be all the happier if that "10 per cent." could be restrained.—G. H. Dexter, Wilford Grove, Nottingham.

Yes, we have our public nuisances, but they are hardly comparable with the cruel, roystering, lying Hun.

WITH real reason, at last, onions make people weep. They cost 8d., 10d., even 1s. a pound!

I have grown a crop of them this summer, and with wages, manure, seed and every other expense taken into account, would be making well over 100 per cent. profit if I took 6d. a pound for them.—G. A., Tarrock, Ilkley.

High cost of onions represents a deliberate effort to exploit the absence of the foreign article from the market.

OIL bombs, dropped one street away from this house, set fire to a villa.

The A.F.S., situated only two hundred yards away, could not go out to attend to it until they had consulted their headquarters a mile away.

In the meantime, wardens and others were doing their manful but hopeless best with a stirrup pump and a bath of water—on an oil fire, bear in mind!

The shell of the house alone was saved as a monument to Red Tape.—A. T. Vaughan, Hainault Road, Leytonstone.

SHOW me the sense of transferring a Minister of the Crown from one post to another as soon as he shows that he has the real Go-To-It spirit.

I admire Mr. Herbert Morrison, but it seems to me that if he keeps making a success of things he will be jockeyed about from one job to another until he will hardly know where he stands.

Personally, I think the job of supplying munitions to the Forces is equal to (if not of greater value than) the task of providing shelters to bombed areas.—Mrs. G. A. Rogers, Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton.

It is one of the penalties of being a brilliant organiser. As soon as you clean the rust off the rails, you hand over to people who can keep them clean. You then move to another rusty set.

BRITISH bombers have carried out some fine long-distance raids, but we have yet to resort to flights in which we go maximum distance, and stay the maximum length of time over a target.

When we did this nearly 23 years ago, a Handley-Page bomber flew to Constantinople under war conditions and there bombed the War Office and the battle-cruiser *Goeben*.—F. Wood, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

British flights over the Alps to Italy, followed by hours of intensive bombing of industrial targets, compare well with that feat.

INSTEAD of sending Christmas gifts this year, I suggest that we all send Christmas greeting cards bearing the message that, in lieu of a present, we have devoted the money to worth-while war charities.

A number of Savings Stamps (or Savings Certificates, if the money will run to it) would make a good gift for those to whom you really want to give material benefit.—L. Mayes, Liddell Street, Beverley Road, Hull.

Excellent idea. In any case, avoid sending luxury articles of the type needed for our export trade.

HITLER might be interested in this story written by a German, Gotthold Lessing, who lived from 1729 to 1781, and wrote in the style of Æsop's Fables:

A wolf said to a fox one day: "My father was a real hero. He defeated more than two hundred enemies. This makes it more than strange that at last he should be defeated by a single one."

Said the fox: "Not strange at all. His two hundred enemies were only sheep and asses. His misfortune is that one day he met and quarrelled with a bull."—C. Geritie, "Elmsbank," Crownhill, Plymouth.

JUST a suggestion to aid the hunt for scrap metal. Why not appeal for old keys?

Some people have thirty or forty unwanted keys in their homes.

There must be scores of millions lying around.—C. D. Robinson, Cochrane Park Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

London firm of grocers has appealed to its customers for a million keys; is well on way to getting them. Every town might have a similar drive.

AS a captain in the R.A.M.C., I went through the Palestine campaign.

This time, for some months before mobilisation, I acted as civilian medical officer to the R.A.F. But civilian officers were given a month's notice after mobilisation unless they were under fifty-five.

The result is that little of my time is occupied on war work.

Surely such an age limit should not apply for those who were in the Services in the last war and were actually in the Services (although in a civilian capacity) when this war was declared.—(Dr.) A. M. Laurie, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire.

Some doctors are worked to death on war work. Others, fit, willing, and well qualified for the work, seek in vain an opportunity of pulling their full weight.

DESPITE everything, a month of Nazi Blitzkrieg bombing affects your expectation of life by a few days only.

As the normal expectation depends on your sex and on your age (every day of your life makes a difference), it would be impossible to give one figure covering every individual case.

Yet, even if present Blitzkrieg continues nightly at its present strength for another two years, the average span of life we can look forward to—man, woman and child—will still be one you could describe as a ripe old age.—A. Small, Josephine Avenue, Brixton, London, S.W.

"JOHN BULL" reader who loves Yorkshire home-baked bread should learn the Yorkshire adage, "*As one door closes another opens.*"

If he did, he wouldn't be complaining that shortage of lard is making it difficult for him to get bread made in the Yorkshire fashion.

Doesn't he know that dripping (readily obtainable from the butcher, and unrationed) makes bread just as eatable and more digestible?

With such bread, spread with home-made jam, he will certainly live for ever!—Mrs. M. Raistrick, Thackley, Bradford, Yorks.

NOTHING illustrates the shortage of A.R.P. equipment more than an incident just brought to my notice.

Chief Warden in a district not so far from here, told to parade his men for a special "do," was instructed:

"*Please choose the wardens who will fit the steel helmets we have available.*"

THIRTY shopkeepers have told me it is impossible to buy woollen underwear for children. Silk is far too dear.

Surely the export drive isn't going to be pushed ahead at the cost of children's health?—Mrs. R. Wells, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

Wool is necessarily rationed to the retailer but the demand for woollen underwear, particularly for children, should be met. Position has been aggravated by people who are buying heavily to anticipate purchase tax—not knowing, apparently, that it won't apply to children's clothing. .. ..

PETROL is rationed, but there is still an appalling waste.

Every day vans take bread from this city to a city sixty miles away, passing, as they do so, vans that bring bread from that city to this.

It must happen all over Britain. And it must affect many other commodities besides bread.—N. B. C., Yorks.

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

Address: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The lack of INCOMPLETENESS of air raid accommodation at five schools in S—— was discussed by the air raid shelters sub-committee of the Education Committee."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Mr. H——'s PROMISES are just inside the boundary."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"In civil life he was an L.M.S. GOOD porter."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"A large gathering attended both in the morning ONE evening."

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS:—"NEWS guns went into action, ripping the sky with deeper and harsher reports."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Public uneasiness about the system devised for SINGING church bells 'in the event of invasion' has increased since the remarkable outburst of bells in various parts of the country."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—"A packet containing ten or twelve pheno barbital TABLES has been lost."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"I have made contact with the police, who in several VASES assisted me."

EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES:—"Houses were HANDBAGGED and once again we thought we should really stand and fight."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"Mrs. M. W—— was admitted to the —— Infirmary with HEAD injuries to her left leg."

NEWARK ADVERTISER:—"His LONGER son and a son-in-law are members of the —— Constabulary."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Keep Tight Hold

TOO many people these days believe that life is futile, purposeless, idiotic. It doesn't seem worth while making an effort, they say. It doesn't seem to matter what you do—or whether you do anything or nothing.

At times this attitude is understandable, but it does no good.

It helps nobody, least of all the person concerned.

It's a negative attitude to life that can't be continuously maintained even by the most pessimistic person.

It's an attitude that Nature herself resents.

If you don't believe this, try to make yourself believe that nothing matters any more.

Tell yourself that life's a farce; that effort is useless.

Try to convince yourself that you'll just sit down and let life roll by you.

It won't be many minutes before you grow restless.

You'll be looking for something to do.

You'll feel all sorts of unsuspected energies rising within you.

You'll even begin to laugh at yourself for having been such a fool.

No matter what happens, no matter what the circumstances may be, life is still what you make it—and you can't make it a vacuum, however hard you try!

You can't stop thinking, and you can't stop feeling. So you might as well take charge of your thinking and your feeling and direct them towards whatever bright spots you can see.

Even searching for bright spots will make you feel better!

We all have to make an extra effort just now to keep a tight grip on ourselves.

Life is going to be normal again one day, and we shall need to be equally normal to tackle it when that day comes.

To be normal, to keep normal, and to help others to keep normal, are among the most valuable services anyone can perform.

—S. H. Drake, London House, Halfway, Walton-on-Thames.

Irresistible in close-up

There's no doubt that too heavy powder in the wrong shade does give that over-powdered look which spoils the well-groomed effect every woman longs for. But you can trust Snowfire Powder to give you complexion beauty to meet the most searching glance. Its clever skin-matched shades bring out glamorous, natural radiance. Its fine texture gives a velvety bloom that keeps its 'matt' loveliness, no matter how hot you become. There are five alluring shades—Naturelle, Peach, Golden Peach, Rachelle and Deep Rachelle.

Snowfire Powder

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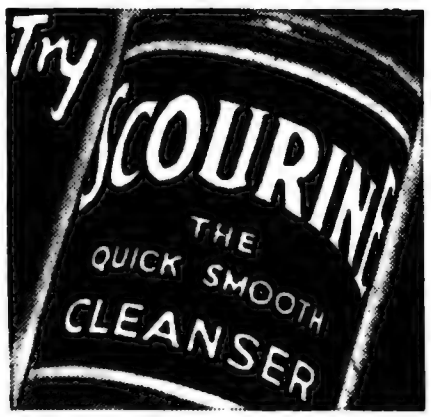

Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS No. 13

WE help the war effort if we buy what happens to be plentiful in our own locality. Stocks naturally vary a little in different parts of the country, but here is a "plenty list" which applies to most places:

HOME-KILLED MEAT · COFFEE · POTATOES
OATMEAL · HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

How to Dry Apples

We may be short of apples later in the year—through bringing munitions instead of apples in the ships from Canada. So here is a way of preserving the present supply—it can be used for windfalls or blemished fruit.

Wipe the apples, remove cores with a round corer and peel thinly. Cut out any blemishes. Slice into rings about ¼" thick. Steep the rings for 10 minutes in water containing 1½ ozs. salt to the gallon.

Thread the rings on sticks or spread on slatted trays or cake racks covered with muslin. Dry in a very cool oven (leaving the door open to let the steam escape) or over a hot cylinder or on the rack of a stove, until they resemble chamois leather. The temperature should not exceed 120° F. At this heat the process usually takes about 4 hours. Turn once or twice during drying. Cool for 12 hours, then pack in paper bags, jars or tins and store in a dry place.

How to Make Porridge

A double saucepan or porringer is excellent for making porridge. If you have not got one, use a 2 lb. stone jam jar in a saucepan of boiling water.

Allow 2 ozs. medium oatmeal to 1 pint water. Bring the water to the boil. Sprinkle in the oatmeal, stirring all the time. Sprinkle slowly so that the water does not go off the boil. Boil and stir for 5 minutes, then put in a level teaspoonful of salt. Cover the pan and simmer for about 45 minutes, stirring occasionally.

If you have a hay-box (see Food Facts No. 12 for how to make one) boil the porridge for 5 minutes as before, then leave in the hay-box all night. In the morning reheat and serve.

Two Ways with Swedes

BAKED

Swedes are delicious baked round the joint. Peel them thinly, cut into neat cubes and arrange round the meat in the baking tin. Baste from time to time. When they are golden brown they are ready.

MASHED

If preferred, boil the swedes in a very little salted water until tender. Drain (using the water for gravy) and mash with a little dripping. Add a dash of pepper and serve piping hot.

Home-Killed Meat

Buy home-killed meat—and so assist our farmers and help to build up our reserves of imported meat. This needn't increase your housekeeping bills. Home-killed second quality is as good as imported and just as cheap. For instance, home-killed second quality boneless silverside, which goes such a long way with carrots and dumplings, costs 1/4d per lb.

Beef cuts for stews are excellent bargains. Boneless neck of beef (1/2d per lb. first quality and 10d. second quality) is ideal pie and pudding meat. You can make rich soups from clod and sticking, or knee joints (get the butcher to crack the bones for you).

Other economical cuts are brisket of beef, breast of mutton, sheeps' hearts, hand with foot (pork), and knuckle of veal.

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

What do I do...

if my home is made uninhabitable by a bomb?

I ask a warden or a policeman to direct me to the allotted Rest Centre. If I have relatives or friends to whom I can go, I apply to the Public Assistance Authority for a travel voucher. If my home is not completely destroyed, I go to the Town Hall or consult the Local Authority to see if and when temporary repairs can be done. If I have become separated from my family or my children and cannot find them, I ask for help at the nearest Citizens' Advice Bureau or the Police Station. (The Rest Centre or the Police will supply all these addresses.)

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

BACKACHE

Urinary Disorders
Rheumatic Pains

HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood, cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains. You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, stiff inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants they contain will flush, strengthen and invigorate the kidneys and the urinary system. Healthy kidney action will purify your blood and in this way relieve your pain and discomfort.

You can rely upon Doans. Many thousands of grateful men and women recommend this special kidney medicine.

INSIST UPON DOANS

Should I Take her Back!

HUMANIST, faced with a problem that contains all the elements of great human drama, advises a husband to forgive the wife who ran away with the man who saved his life. Have you a problem?

"Now my wife has returned and tearfully implores me to take her back . . . but I feel that I could never trust her again."

GUNFIRE from the last war echoes in this most human problem from a man now betrayed by the comrade to whom he owed his life.

"He risked his own life to save mine under heavy gunfire in No Man's Land," he says.

"After returning to business, I tried to repay in some small way my debt of gratitude by taking him into my firm and introducing him into my home.

"His visits became frequent, particularly during my absence, and it soon became apparent that my wife was infatuated with him.

"I felt obliged to end the friendship and dismissed him from my business. But the pair continued to meet secretly.

"I quarrelled with my wife and things became steadily worse until one afternoon I returned home to find a note telling me she had left me and was going to share her life with my friend.

"For many years I heard nothing more from her.

"My business prospered, and I gradually became reconciled to her absence.

"Now she has returned and tearfully implores me to take her back. The man has left her stranded.

"I feel that I can never trust her again.

"Yet I still love her."

The husband should forgive all.

He still loves her, and it is extremely unlikely that the wife will desert him a second time.

She has had a sharp lesson.

And she is about twenty years older. These wild infatuations do sometimes happen after forty, but they are not serious.

Forgiveness must be genuine.

There must be no rankling grievance and constant harping on the past. What is over should never be mentioned again.

A man must realise that his wife is human and liable to err. If he has always idolised her, it is a nasty shock to discover that she is capable of going wrong. Yet he must face realities.

* * *

The next letter deals with a problem that has appeared before on this page, but it has again become urgent through the increasing intensity of air raids.

"I have been ill," writes a woman, "and relatives living in the depth of the country have invited me to stay with them through the winter.

"I appreciate their offer, but I am wondering whether it is fair to leave my husband.

"An A.R.P. warden, he is often on duty for many hours at a time, and I like to have a hot meal ready for him whenever he comes home.

"It is his wish that I should accept the offer so that I can completely recover my health, but I feel I ought not to forsake my post of duty as a wife any more than he would forsake his duties as a warden.

"To my way of thinking, we should remain together, facing dangers and anxieties, as we once shared happiness.

"It is not easy to make a decision—one that may well mean 'Good-bye.'"

I have always been opposed to husbands and wives separating, and most women feel qualms of conscience when they go away into safety.

A man needs the comforts of home life far more at a time of crisis than when life is peaceable. And there is always the danger of the temporary separation leading to lasting estrangement.

But if the woman is an invalid she had better go away. She can do little to help her husband if she stays.

She will become only an additional source of anxiety.

She can return when her health has improved sufficiently for her to carry on.

* * *

The next letter is a variation on a theme that is constantly reappearing. It comes from a young man who is worried about his brother.

"Before he was called up six months ago," he explains, "my brother was the black sheep of the family. He deserved the reputation.

"He fell into bad company and transgressed all the laws that go to the making of a good son.

"But I don't put all the blame on him.

"Our early days were passed in an atmosphere that was far too strict. We were not allowed to do anything, or go anywhere without asking the consent of our parents. They were always severe.

"This strict supervision went on until we were all grown up. Our home was a prison to a youth with big ideas.

"My parents say it is a relief to have my brother away and that they are dreading the day when he returns. He writes home regularly, but I fail to see what satisfaction he gets when he comes on leave.

"He hardly speaks a word to anyone.

"When my mother does something to 'humour' him she gets nothing but a cold smile by way of thanks.

"I don't know why he comes home. There is a feeling of relief when he has returned to camp.

"I am wondering whether my brother is ashamed of his past."

So many young men and women go wrong through over-severity at home!

If parents absolutely forbid their children to smoke, the youngsters are naturally eager to try it!

When they leave home, they smoke far too much because the cigarette is a symbol of freedom to them.

The same applies to other things—compulsory attendance at church, Sunday school, Band of Hope, and banning theatres, dance-halls, cocktail parties.

Sudden intoxicating freedom leads to excesses.

Yet I don't suppose for a moment that this man is ashamed of his misdeeds.

His trouble is not a guilty conscience.

More likely he feels resentment against his parents for their treatment of him years ago.

The old surroundings of the home revive all the old feelings of mutiny.

If there is to be a happier relationship between this "black sheep" and his parents, the first move should come from them. They should try to understand the boy.

They should also examine the "book of rules" on which the house has been run.

As things are, the young soldier comes on leave to a house in which apparently everyone is against him. He is too proud to ask for attention, but that does not mean that he does not want it.

A little human kindness would solve the whole problem.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

YOU can't hear of the plight of Mrs. J. T. Hodgson, of Hull, without wanting to help her.

Her husband, a Naval Reservist of the last war, has been ill for three years. And he has only recently been discharged from hospital after undergoing a serious operation. It would be difficult enough to care for this ailing man and daughter Betty on their limited income even if Mrs. Hodgson were in good health.

But, having lost the use of her left arm, she is now incapacitated by a septic right arm. And she has heart trouble.

Existing on an allowance from the Public Assistance Committee and her husband's National Health Insurance, she is hard put to it to pay all her bills. Yet she must also pay somebody to do her washing and clean her home.

This little family dreads the approach of winter. There is no money for coal or warm clothing!

Do please send a donation, earmarked "Deserving," to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who contribute anonymously.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name of course

Buckingham Palace and Billingsgate

BUCKINGHAM PALACE and Billingsgate are closer than ever before because Buckingham Palace and Billingsgate are both in the Front Line of War, and whether the roof-tree be humble or whether the roof-tree be royal, they both mean the same to London, for they're the Flower of London Soil.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE and Billingsgate are standing together in pride, for they both bear the Scars of Battle brought to their own fireside. They are one in these grim hours of danger and in the courage they've simply displayed, for of Buckingham Palace and Billingsgate is the Spirit of Britain made.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE and Billingsgate are the Bulwarks of Britain's Strength, and they're sharing the same experience, the same Shadow's breadth and length, and when the War is over and Peace is once more arrayed, between Buckingham Palace and Billingsgate is a Bond THAT WILL NEVER FADE.

SO on Buckingham Palace and Billingsgate may the Blessing of God abide, till the Dawn of Peace be sighted, till the Turning of the Tide, till the Hour of the World's redemption from the Dreadful Toll of War, till BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND BILLINGSGATE HEAR THE SOUND OF BOMBS NO MORE!

J. M.

Quickest, simplest way to CLEAN THE LAVATORY

TODAY, when homes are crowded, and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It sweeps right round that hidden bend where no brush can ever reach, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Why not be Attractively SLIM

JUST think how smart you'll look in your new outfit if you're slim—and how much healthier and fitter you'll feel if you 'slim while you sleep' with the aid of Bile Beans.

Slenderness can be yours without strict dieting or tiresome exercises if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed will tone you up, purify your blood and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start now on the sure way to health and slenderness—the Bile Beans way. You'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a welcome reduction in your weight.

"I take Bile Beans nightly and find them splendid for keeping me healthy and full of vitality. I never feel weary or listless now. Bile Beans also keep the figure slim, and to all who wish for a youthful appearance I say take Bile Beans."—Miss H. H., Middlesbrough.

With the Aid of BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

ON SHELTER NIGHTS take Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

TO PREVENT A CHILL

Two tablets (or one powder) taken on entering an air raid shelter will prevent a cold developing.

TO CURE A HEADACHE

Cephos will give swift relief and soothe the nerves.

It does not affect the heart.

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 and 3/-. Single Dose 2d.

London's Tip for TIRED FEET

A lot of Londoners these days are sleeping with their shoes on. This, added to transport difficulties during the day, is giving feet a hard time. But London has found a way to keep them spry, fresh and sweet—Iodine in your shoes!

The simplest way of doing this, with carpet-slipper comfort, is with Simpson Iodine Socks. Put them in your shoes and know what foot-joy really is—in three minutes! The warmth of your feet drives off Iodine vapour. Your instep pores absorb it, and the circulation is whipped up, keeping fresh blood moving from heel to toe. No staleness, no sweatiness. A boon to Wardens, Home Guards, all travellers and especially the Forces. Send a pair to your fighting boy. He needs them urgently.

Be sure to get genuine Simpson Brand Iodine Socks. Price 1/3d. from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. X.4). Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send a postcard.

End Rheumatism While you Sleep

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are **Burning, Itching Passages, "Getting up Nights," Backaches, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Nervines, Dizziness, Headaches, Colds, Puffy Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Lack of Energy, Appetite,** etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much—you must kill the germs which are attacking kidneys, flooding system with acids and poisons, sapping energy, ruining health. Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites, and Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 2/- and 6/- on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex

For Kidneys, Rheumatism, Bladder

MORE IODINE in YOUR BLOOD

How NOT to catch Colds, 'Flu and Epidemics

When you feel "done," whacked to the wide, chilled and worried, your vitality is low and you are an easy prey to germs—colds, 'flu and worse. You need defence against germ-invaders.

What is your best defence? Iodine. It regulates your whole health. Doctors agree you need tiny quantities every minute every day. The best way to get Iodine into your system is to inhale it. That's why breathing iodine-charged sea air is so good. How can you be sure of Iodine all the time? Wear a Simpson Iodine Locket round your neck or in vest pocket. Iodine liberated by body-heat rises continually to your nostrils. You are immune from germs. 3,000,000 wearers have proved it.

A Simpson Locket costs only 1/9 from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price, from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. K7), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send a postcard.

Never Neglect INDIGESTION

Put an end to Indigestion immediately it arises and prevent the danger of dreaded gastritis, inflammation and stomach ulcer. **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** speedily neutralises acid, soothes pain, cleanses the system, protects delicate membranes and *assists* a return to healthy digestion. Get a 1/3 bottle *to-day*. If not completely satisfied with RESULTS return empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity of getting lasting Stomach Relief.

Only genuine if this signature appears on bottle, carton or tin. Alex. C. Maclean

From all Chemists. In bottles 1/3, 2/-, 5/-

Also in Tablet Form in Handy Pocket Tins, 6d.

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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

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CHEAPER
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COST MORE
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SAVE YOUR HAIR!

In thousands of cases war work and worries are resulting in impoverished, falling hair, causing thin patches and threatening baldness. Men in uniform are especial sufferers. Tight-fitting hats and heavy steel helmets restrict circulation and start numerous hair troubles—unless you take care.

The treatment—for men and women alike—is rub in Silvikrin every day. If the root is alive Silvikrin will grow hair. Silvikrin—the result of years of research by brilliant bio-chemists—is the hair's natural food. Silvikrin contains the fourteen organic elements which the hair root must have to produce healthy hair. To keep your scalp healthy and restore lost hair, start rubbing in Silvikrin to-day. To prevent dandruff and falling hair—use Silvikrin Lotion. For severe cases use Pure Silvikrin.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. L-101-L

THE BLACK CYCLONE GETS HIS MAN

He was an odd and terrifying figure, a nightmare caricature of a man, squat and kinky-haired and hideous. He might have been hewn from coal

SIX feet of husky muscle and bone hit the canvas with a thud that shook the ring, and Joe Choynski, heavyweight pride of San Francisco, the man who had held the great Jim Jeffries to a twenty-rounds draw, rolled over on his face.

For a second or two his long legs kicked spasmodically, and then he was still, spreadeagled as though he was nailed tight to the floorboards.

The count sounded unnaturally loud in the stunned silence that descended upon the incredulous audience.

It was so quiet that twenty rows from the ringside they could hear the slow drawling voice of the man who had put Choynski down.

"There ain't no need to count, suh," said the negro. "Dat baby suah is out."

He stood with his immense coal-black shoulders resting against a corner post, gorilla arms flung wide to grasp the top ropes in either glove, flashing white teeth in a huge grin.

Terrifying Figure

He was an odd and terrifying figure, a nightmare caricature of a man, squat and kinky-haired and hideous.

In height he was a dwarf, a foot shorter than the man he had knocked out, and with such extraordinary physique that he appeared almost as broad as he was tall.

His arms were so long that his hands dangled in the region of his knees when he stood erect, his neck was so short that his head seemed to sprout straight from his enormous shoulders, while blubber lips, a broad flat nose and tiny eyes completed the simian picture.

This was Joe Walcott, the Barbados-born West Indian welterweight who made boxing history by the astonishing manner in which he toppled over middleweights and heavyweights when

A. W. HELLIWELL

introduces the dwarfish, long-armed Barbados-born West Indian who floored the Giants of the Ring when the welter-weights in his own class refused to meet him

fighters in his own class refused to meet him.

Crouched over his gloves in the stance he favoured, he was no taller than a schoolboy, yet this squat black cyclone took on huge opponents who towered so high over him that their chins looked beyond reach of his fists and chopped and battered them horizontal.

Smashed Opponents' Hands

He himself was so tough and difficult to hurt that he might well have been hewn from a lump of coal. His bullet head was as round and hard as a cannon ball, and he was an expert in smashing his opponents' hands by catching their punches square on his solid skull.

His most remarkable performance was the defeat of Choynski, for the Californian was recognised as one of the cleverest heavyweights of his day.

The general opinion was that Tom O'Rourke, Joe's shrewd Irish manager, had taken leave of his senses in pitting the pigmy welterweight against Choynski.

But O'Rourke was no fool.

He realised that the white heavyweight's size and height would prove more of a handicap than a help, and that Walcott's freakish build would keep him out of a lot of trouble.

Difficult to Hit

Just how difficult the West Indian was to hit can be discovered by reference to his record.

In a career that extended over twenty-one years of hard fighting he was only once knocked out.

A middleweight named Kid Carter accomplished this feat, but Joseph must have been a very sick or worried man that night, for Carter was only a third-rater, and twice afterwards Walcott beat him with ease.

He was twenty-eight and had been fighting for ten years when he was matched with Choynski. They fought in New York in February, 1900.

The contrast between the two men as they stepped forward to shake hands was striking. Choynski was a good-looker, not unlike Harvey, and his beautifully proportioned body, like a statue fashioned from white marble, emphasised the grotesque physique of his ugly challenger.

Walcott seemed to grow even shorter and more dwarfish as he dropped into his characteristic crouch and shambled forward with his chin tucked well into his barrel chest and his hard black skull thrust out invitingly.

Baffling Defence

For the best part of the time his head was about on a level with Choynski's waistline, and after a couple of rounds spent in vainly trying to penetrate this baffling defence the white man's confidence began to ebb.

If you can imagine a bull mastiff tackling a hedgehog you will have a very fair picture of how the fight progressed.

But Walcott was too fiery to remain long on the defensive, and he soon showed the small respect he had for Choynski's overwhelming proportions by lashing out viciously with both hands as the heavyweight came into attack.

Terrific hitting power was packed into his outsize arms, and while most of Choynski's blows were bouncing harmlessly off Joe's kinky-thatched dome, the negro's gloves were biting deep into the Californian's stomach muscles.

The crowd, who had come prepared for nothing more than a comic spectacle lasting no more than a couple of rounds, gaped with astonishment as they watched the coloured freak belting his giant opponent from corner to corner.

One moment Joe's head would be almost on a level with the floor as he bobbed and weaved, and the next he would uncoil like a black spring, throwing punches faster than the eye could follow.

Hopelessly Outpaced

Ungainly though he looked, Walcott could hit and move with dazzling speed when he was warmed up, and Choynski, who was no slouch, was hopelessly outpaced.

He fought with great courage, but he could not cope with the terrible lefts and rights that the negro kept ripping and smashing into his stomach.

Slowly those crushing blows wore him down, and as they thudded home with monotonous regularity the blood drained from his cheeks and his knees began to buckle.

Walcott, roused to a fighting frenzy, chased him relentlessly, and midway through the seventh round Choynski, dropping his gloves to protect his bruised and battered stomach, left his chin exposed.

Quick as a cat the negro struck.

His right fist swung forward and upward, landing like the crack of doom on Choynski's point, and as the white man went down he backed to a far corner, his confidence plain in the broad and pearly grin that split his black face.

"There ain't no need to count, suh," he drawled. And how right he was!

Choynski was out to the world, and he did not move until, doused with ice-cold water, he slowly recovered consciousness in his corner.

Walcott marred a great career by staying too long at the game. He was still fighting when his fortieth birthday was approaching, and towards the end he was beaten by men he could have taken on with one hand strapped behind his back in his heyday.

His was a story old in the history of pugilism—the story of the pitcher that goes too often to the well—but, for all that, he will ever be remembered as one of the greatest welterweights ever to dark beneath the ropes.

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Raced Falling Bombs

PILOT-OFFICER GAVIN JOHN LYNES turned over his projected plan of attack as he headed out over the Channel towards the Dutch coast.

He was on a "sticky job."

He had been detailed to wreck the transformer station at Kelsterbach, near Frankfurt, from which so many of Germany's war factories drew their power.

But fog and low-lying cloud were going to make his job difficult.

Lynes was chosen to drop a load of heavy bombs on the transformer station, because he had already made thirty-one bombing raids over Germany.

High Command was counting on his getting through.

As Lynes crossed the Dutch coast he ran into anti-aircraft gunfire.

Shells burst around his aircraft. Splinters cut through the fabric of his machine and smashed his inter-communication gear. Machine-gun bullets beat a tattoo on his wings.

Kelsterbach was blanketed by low-lying cloud.

Diving to pick up his bearings, he found himself within 2,000 ft. of the ground before the clouds thinned sufficiently for him to identify landmarks.

His appearance was greeted by vicious bursts of gunfire. Yet he power-dived seven times before he managed to get a line on his target. Seven times he had to fly 2,000 ft. above the anti-aircraft guns, offering the easiest of targets.

When he had identified his objective, he cruised around in the clouds, with large shell holes in wings and fuselage, trying to work out the best method of attack.

Clouds prevented high-bombing tactics.

If he tried diving, he could not hope to gain sufficient height again before the terrific blast from his heavy bombs hit his aircraft.

Still, he had to "get that transformer station."

He power-dived.

"Going down!" he shouted gaily. "First floor—electrical supplies and fireworks!"

Down, down, down he dived. Then, at 1,500 ft., with the transformer station fair in his sights, he released all his heavy bombs in one shot.

At the same time, he pushed down the throttle and raced to earth at 350 miles an hour.

His idea was to dive low over the guns, so that when the bombs burst the blast would pass up behind him.

Despite intensive fire from the ground, Lynes did not pull out of his dive until he was only a hundred feet above the gun positions.

Fortunately, the terrific blast did not crash his aircraft, and the Nazi machine-gunners did not hit him in a vital spot.

He managed to limp his battered "crate" back to England to the landing ground, on which, a short time later, he was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross.

"JOHN BULL'S" WAR TIME BOOK SERVICE TO ITS READERS

LAST CHANCE!

MEN! You simply must get this Book for your womenfolk.

PRACTICAL KNITTING ILLUSTRATED

Actual size of book 8½ x 5½

Half Guinea WORK FOR **2/9** PLUS 1/- which Includes Carriage, Packing, Insurance, etc.

OVER **450** PHOTOGRAPHS & PATTERNS

See What you Can Make!

The 450 illustrations in this book show what to make and how to make it.

Here are just a few of the hundreds of garments this book shows you how to make in any style or size:—

PULLOVERS AND SWEATERS
BALACLAVA HELMET, SOCKS.
MITTENS, SCARVES, CARDIGANS.
LUMBER JACKET, JERSEYS.
SUITS, UNDERWEAR.
BABIES' VESTS AND KNICKERS.
BABY GARMENTS.
BOOTEES, FROCKS.
COT COVERS, Etc.
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BERETS AND CAPS.
RUGS, MATS, CUSHIONS.
BEDJACKETS, SHAWLS.
Etc., etc., etc.

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On receipt of Final Order Label "John Bull" will send an Invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this Invoice together with your remittance and your volume will be dispatched carriage paid to your home. Hurry! The womenfolk need this Book! Post Order Label below immediately.

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PRACTICAL KNITTING ILLUSTRATED.

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J.H.3. 26/10/40

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you. Write on left in BLOCK LETTERS.

THE LAST LAUGH

H. W. (Hetton).—"What do you think my young son replied when I told him I had received a note from his schoolmistress?" That he wouldn't tell mother?

M. A. (Thetford).—"My letters have improved a great deal since I got someone else to write them for me." And they'd improve still more if you got someone to compose them as well.

H. S. (Aldeburgh).—"She said there were half a dozen reasons why she wouldn't marry me, one being that I hadn't any money." And the other five didn't matter?

Mrs. N. (Portchester).—"I was wakened by a sound and, looking under the bed, saw a man's leg." So your husband had heard it, too?

M. N. (Wellington).—"My friend showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening." He lent you an umbrella?

T. E. (Hungerford).—"My landlady actually wept when I left." You'll probably find the next one will want payment in advance.

G. J. (Clitheroe).—"A typewriter has its disadvantages." That is so. You can't disguise weak spelling on it.

J. O. (Farnham).—"The man I'm working for is a great character. When he has an opinion he sticks to it. He has strong principles, and once went to jail for personal liberty." What a queer place to go to for anything like that!

G. F. (Braintree).—"I'm as happy as I was on my wedding day. My wife still says that I'm her treasure." Lucky man! Ever since our wedding day we've been *our* wife's treasurer.

D. F. (Cranbrook).—"As a patriot I object to being bled white." You feel you ought to be bled red, white and blue?

F. S. (Maidstone).—"If all the sheep imported into Britain in the course of a year were placed in a line what would be the result?" Some idiot would talk of making both ends meat.

H. D. (Birkenhead).—"After twelve years she has promised to marry me." Well, it's your own fault for hanging around so long

G. N. (Ely).—"No man should kick a woman." We agree. He should never venture on the floor until he can dance properly.

J. O. (Lingfield).—"How can I prevent tramps from knocking at my door?" Put this notice outside the gate—"We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't."

JANET (Heckmondwike).—"What could be more satisfying than having three little words whispered in your ear?" Having them written down.

PARSON (Yorks).—"I've had to see my doctor about the dreadful head I have every morning I wake; and cannot understand why he should have asked if I talked in my sleep." Nor can we—but you had a good answer in that, as a parson, you talk in other people's sleep.

F. N. (London, S.E.).—"An incendiary bomb dropped straight into a bucket of sand." It looks as if the airman wasn't really trying.

N. F. (Bury).—"Whatever do some women cyclists use dropped handle-bars for?" To steer with, of course.

FULL BACK (Malvern).—"Although the ball went off the upright into the net, our captain maintained that I had headed it in." He must have gone by the sound.

S. D. (Ampthill).—"I simply cannot make my husband jealous; but I wonder what he would do if he saw another man running away with me?" Probably ask the fellow why he was running!

OLD BILL

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"You have been listening to a dramatisation of the San Francisco Earthquake, by Cyril Fothergill, in which the following artists took part . . ."

A. F. (Brentford).—"Did you ever see a company of women silent?" Yes, once. Someone asked who was the eldest.

F. P. (Pinner).—"I am told that Army beds are not all that they should be. Could you explain to me just what sort of a bed a raw recruit can expect?" Apple-pie!

G. M. (Wandsworth).—"This is just a dog's life. What have I to be thankful for?" That you're in a country where you can ask the question.

I. S. (Strabane).—"Some years ago, when I was a bass drummer in a ship's band, the vessel sank and I was able to float for hours upon my drum." Lucky you weren't the piccolo player.

S. S. (Clapton).—"Many of the captured Nazi airmen seem to be able to speak our language, but to make them see a joke, I fancy, a hammer would be necessary." What about a mirror?

W. H. N. (Bristol).—"Raid, or no raid, I sleep as soundly as I have always slept." When you ought to be getting up?

W. F. (Motherwell).—"When I was interviewed for the job, the employer told me it would require brains to hold it down." So you are idle again?

F. G. (Doncaster).—"I don't think I made the young things feel quite at home; I don't know why." Perhaps because you were wishing they were at home?

MAISIE (Liverpool).—"Whatever shall I do to get a presentable complexion if rouge runs out?" Ever thought of a spot of work?

P. H. (Highgate).—"I suppose I shouldn't be able to see you if I called at your office?" You know the state of your eyes better than we do.

B. C. (Rickmansworth).—"I'm very doubtful about my boy friend now he's got a big job with a refrigerator-making concern." Are you afraid his love will grow cold?

DOLLY (Hounslow).—"When my mother invites any of her friends to a meal, she fixes the time definitely to the hour, but always gives them fifteen minutes grace." They must be really hungry after a quarter of an hour's grace.

F. P. (London, E.).—"There are photographers and photographers, apparently. I took my wife to a studio recently and the fellow made her look very ordinary. When I complained, what do you think he said?" That he was a photographer, not a plastic surgeon?

C. S. (Huntingdon).—"I've moved to the country, where I can play my saxophone to my heart's desire." No one else near you for miles around, or does she live next door?

MORE FINE XMAS DINNERS for 'BULLETS' and X WORDS

£125 £50 £20 £10 £250 30/- MONTHLY for LIFE £100

Prizes Value over £250 X-WORD PENSION — OR LUMP SUM

50 XMAS FOWLS one with each Runners-up Prize of 10/- and over

25 XMAS

includes LIFE PENSION — POST YOUR ENTRY by SAT., NOV. 2.

1,490 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£125 First Prize—"Bullets" 1,241.

J. JEFFERY, 2, Claremont Road, West Ealing, W.13. (P.C.)

Example: DAY OF RECKONING
Bullet: SHOWING "HITLER'S LOT OUT."

£20, Second Prize: A. Ellis, 4, Princess Royal Terrace, Scarborough.
Example: France
Bullet: "Surgled"—Raise "Rolling Rulding"!

£10, Third Prize: Mrs. D. Orgel, 12, Cornwall Road, Bedford.
Example: Why We Shall Win
Bullet: People Continute As Ofiteits!

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: B. R. Benison, 45, Gibbon Road, East Acton, W.7.
To Auntie's Stummy—"Well" Interrupted Curate's "Will —?"

90s.: P. H. Blick, Leonard-Stanley, Stonehouse, Glos.
Day Of Reckoning—Let's "Fix" *Hitler* First!

80s.: J. G. Hanes, The Stores, East Bradenham, Thetford. (P.C.)
Hole In The Roof—Barrage Caused—Saved *Roof*!

85s.: T. Beasley, 32, Talbot Road, Rickmansworth.
France—"Caged," But *Feeding Captor*!

80s.: Trooper E. Taunton, Warminster, Wilts.
When Britain Strikes—Back—Backed By Stricken.

75s.: Miss A. Entwistle, 5, Nancy Street, Darwen, Lancs.
France—Down Now—Done? No!

70s.: E. Noakes, 189, Rosty Lane, Aldridge, Walsall.
Thanks To Our A.R.P.—Widows—Isn't Enough, Churchill!

65s.: I. B. Bennett, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh.
Waiting For Spades—Many, Yet Shelters Unding.

60s.: W. G. Clark, 7, Sandeman Street, Glasgow.
Down Swooped A Spitfire And—Helsinki "HIM" Military Objective!

45s.: L./Cpl. H. L. Oliver, C.M. Police, Home Forces.
Waiting For Dad—He's Camouflaged Our House!

40s.: C. Richardson, 92, Tetley Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.
Hole In The Roof—Forgotten—Sorrier In Grater!

40s.: H. L. G. Heath, 66, Milman Road, Reading, Berks.
Thanks To Our A.R.P.—Dad's Fishing Attire Complete!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize coupon.

RULES of these COMPETITIONS

'BULLETS' 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

X-WORDS Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided —fill up entry-form in ink; not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday November 2.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided below. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 14; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

401 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

Result and Winning Square—X-Word No. 223.

The following three competitors share £100, each receiving £33 6s. 8d., for out of most meritorious Answers seen in square on right.

MRS. A. CRAWFORD, 61, Glasgow Road, Blantyre, Lanarkshire.
W. F. DUNN, 10, Oxford Road, Redhill Estate, Dunbeam, Bootle.
J. R. WEBBERTON, Rutcliffe House, Southport Road, Formby, Lancs.

The £34 Runners-up Award has been divided between 61 entrants from whom we received entries with one less apt and accurate Answer than the best entries received. These winners will each receive 9s. 3d.

Surprise Awards will be sent to 337 entrants whose entries differed from the Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. TRADE. 2. STAR. 5. WALLS or WILLS. 8. SCENE. 11. DOE. 12. TRY. 14. AGE or ICE. 15. SUET. 16. HOME. Down—1. TOOL. 3. RAIN. 4. GLEE. 6. TICK or TUCK. 7. TIE. 9. SAGE. 9. BEACH. 10. SPEED. 13. ROT.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square above. Blank spaces indicate that at these points WALLS or WILLS, AGE or ICE and TICK or TUCK were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

FREE PRIVILEGE If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you may exercise TWO "Bullets" FREE for Current offer.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Getting this from his hand would make average conductor ill at ease
2. Young puppy will probably make a row if his gets cut
3. They will almost certainly affect your fire if you have a lot of them
10. The spreading of this can in some cases be a very great advantage
12. Teachers in art school may not allow time to do this
14. It's sometimes very difficult to tell whether one will go
15. Air-raid shelter isn't the place for a good one
16. Game is often ended when cheesplayer's move is this

DOWN CLUES

1. Particularly good one would naturally increase the profits of baker concerned
4. Is seldom brave when attacked
5. Shock troops need some
6. It would take a nasty blow to put average man off his
7. Schoolboy's will often make grown-up laugh
8. Man employed on ship should know something about way to tackle this
9. One who dyes
11. Mere passenger hasn't much right to protest at being transferred from one to another
12. We don't like going out when it's this

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these EXAMPLES

JOHN CITIZEN
TO WAKE UP WHITEHALL
WAR'S LESSONS
MAN WITH A SMILE
GAVE DAD A JOB
SOMEWHERE SAFE
WHEN AUNTIE 'PHONES
IMMOVABLE
RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY
WHEN MOTHER'S SHOPPING

STOLEN
AT ANY MOMENT
IN THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE
HE HAD HIS CHANCE, BUT
IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN
WORTH WAITING FOR
PEACE OVERTURE
IN OUR TIME
AGAINST THE NAZIS
HEART OF THE COUNTRY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Caused A .....
Exciting .....
No Place For.....
Caught In The....
Test Of.....
When Hitler.....

ENTRY FEE:— Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value £1 for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—Stick them to this form and enclose with "Bullets" or Crosswords.

Example
BULLET
Example
BULLET
Example
BULLET
Example
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....
"BULLETS" No. 1245, Closing Postmark, SAT., NOV. 2.

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

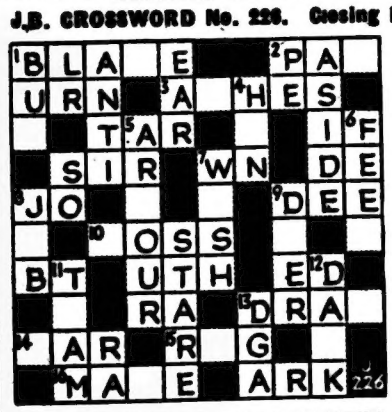
Remember to enclose your "Bullets" ADDRESS LABEL from foot of X-word coupon.

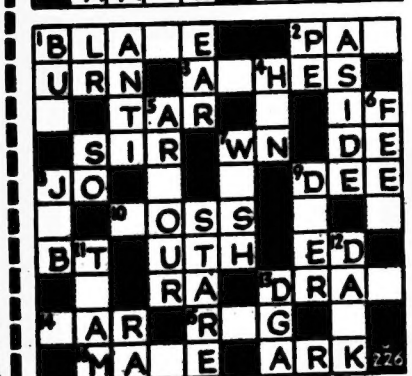
CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY Bullets No. 1245 X-Word No. 226 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT

J.B. CROSSWORD No. 226. Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.





I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form on left, for entry-fee as directed.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

P.O. value.... No. .....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE' To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 16 you must affix 1d. stamp in adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

ADDRESS LABEL
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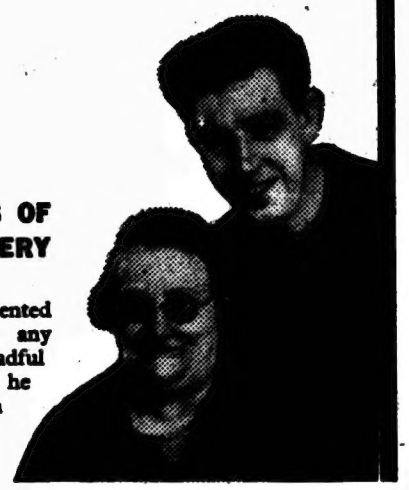
ADDRESS .....
.....
58.....

Rheumatic Suffering ended

MOTHER OF 13 TELLS OF SON'S AMAZING RECOVERY

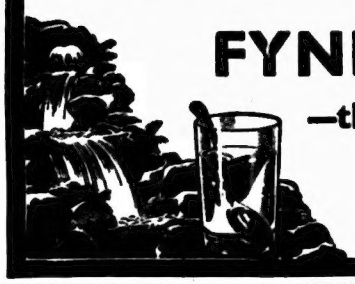
Mrs. Harrop, of Bow, says:

"One of my sons was prevented by rheumatism from doing any outdoor work. He was a dreadful sufferer for years, and then he started taking Fynnon Salt in his morning tea. Now he is out in all weathers and is able to do anything."



FYNNON for Rheumatism

The great and ever-increasing demand for Fynnon Salt has been created almost entirely by personal recommendation. There is no better advertisement than a rheumatic sufferer whose agony has been relieved. People are particularly grateful to Fynnon because it is such a simple and pleasant remedy. Where formerly the only effective course was to undergo a lengthy and expensive treatment at a spa, it is now possible to take a teaspoonful of Fynnon every morning in a glass of water and enjoy the curative salts that make many spa-waters so beneficial. **Sodium, Potassium and Lithium,** these are *natural* antidotes to the poisons in your system. Once they are at work you notice your aches and pains lessening. Stiffness and cramps disappear. The cruel grip of acid crystals on joints and muscles is felt no longer. Join the band of happy people who can call Rheumatism a thing of the past through taking Fynnon.



FYNNON SALT

—the spa cure at home

LARGE TIN 1/3

NEW TRIAL SIZE 6d.

HER TEETH ARE "WHITE LIES"

Make a note of this, *Miss S——* ! Your teeth look lovely and white. But they're white lies. If only you could see the unpleasant tartar *behind* them. You ought to use Solidox!

Ordinary brushing won't move tartar, and *cannot* move it once it has taken hold. What a risk! For tartar can weaken gums and so encourage teeth troubles.

Use Solidox! It's safe on delicate enamel, yet keeps teeth brilliantly white and *tartar-free.* Solidox is the *only* toothpaste that contains the anti-tartar ingredient Ricinosulphate. So use Solidox—and keep your teeth as healthy as they seem. Healthy teeth are a big aid towards a healthy body . . . towards keeping fit, and ready for any emergency!

The dentist's mirror tells the truth . . .

Tartar!

. . . the cause of dental trouble

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STOP THEM FOR 2D

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CHILLS, 'FLU, PAIN, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA.

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Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

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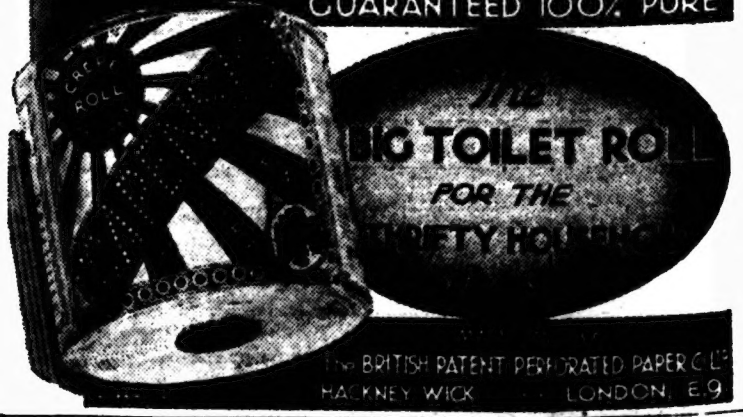

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F. 71 J.B.L. 147 ★ 13